

The ASHMEADS

OR SCENES IN

NORTHERN

EUROPE

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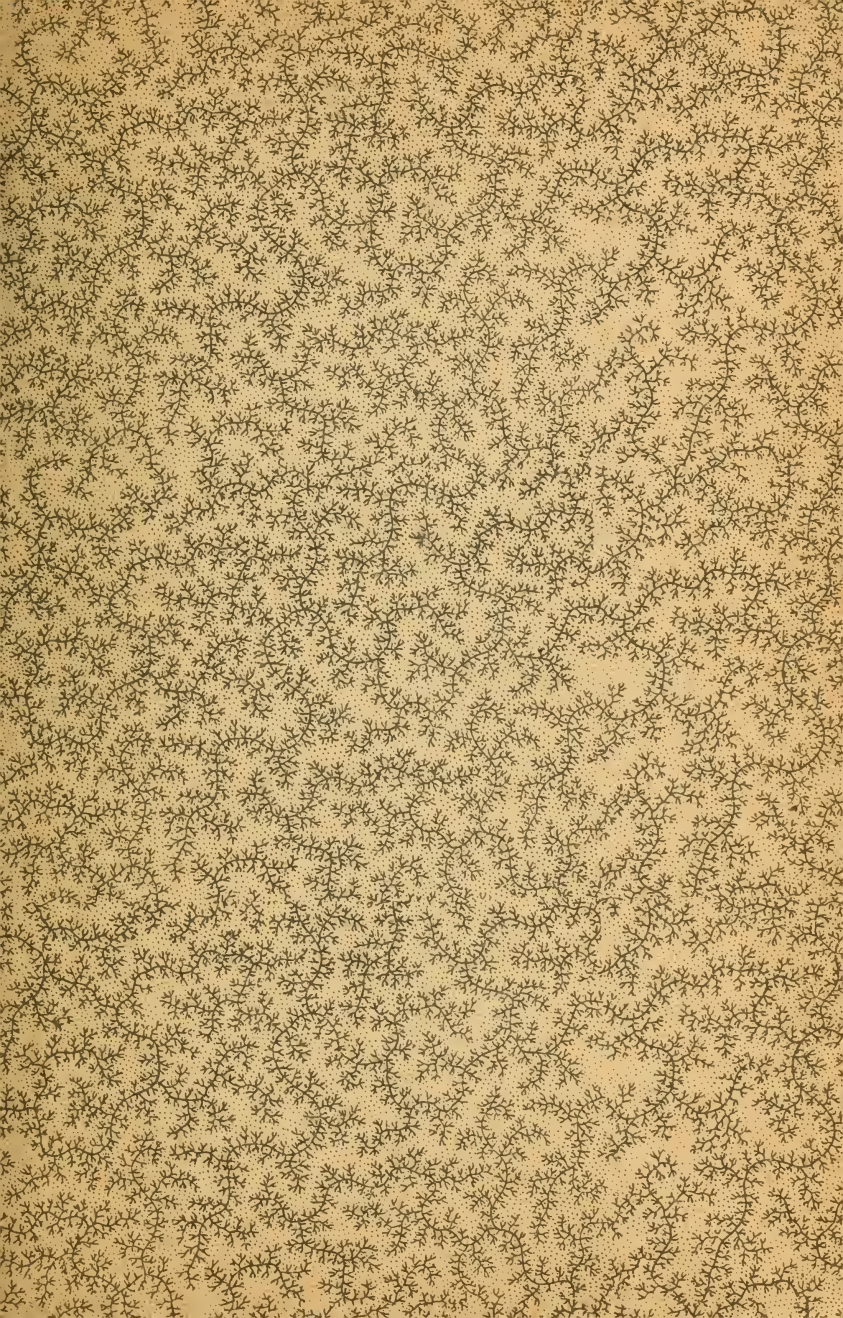
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Ashmeads.

Page 166.

STATUE OF CHARLES XII.—STOCKHOLM.

Frontispiece.

THE ASHMEADS;

OR,

SCENES IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

BY

E. P. A.



PHILADELPHIA

American Baptist Publication Society,

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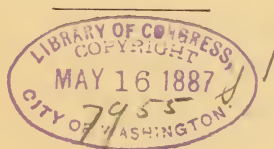
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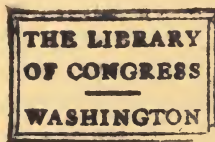
BY E. P. A.

Edward P. Anderson



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THE ASHMEADS.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. ASHMEAD'S RECEPTION.

MY dear Anna, there is no use talking any more about it. It is absolutely out of the question."

Having uttered this remark in a very peremptory tone of voice, Mr. Ashmead laid his paper on his crossed knees, and waited with frowning brow to hear what his wife would say next.

Mrs. Ashmead did not look at all like a woman who was determined to have the last word. Now she went on with her needle-work quietly; but there was a slight quivering of her gentle lips, which showed that she was feeling deeply, though she said nothing.

As Mr. Ashmead's positive assertions had been intended as a beginning of an argument, rather than as a complete closing of the subject under discussion, he soon resumed, in a milder tone:

"You must surely see, Anna, that it is the only

way to settle this affair. We cannot have the young fellow dangling about here, and saying afterwards that he has had encouragement."

"No, certainly not," replied Mrs. Ashmead; "but if we make a change, and treat him suddenly with marked coldness, I fear it will not be the way to gain your object. Mary would be sure to wonder at any change in our manner towards him; and—in fact, dear John, other people would notice it also. It would cause remarks, and it would be hardly fair to Mr. Gifford, who is really a very estimable young man."

"Oh, yes! estimable enough, no doubt," answered Mr. Ashmead, testily; "and so was the Rev. John Smith, who used to preach for us such sleepy, good sermons. Nobody could say any thing against the man, except that he was an awful bore. How would you like to see our Mary a pastor's wife, like Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashmead, her gentle blue eyes filling with tears. "You know I did not mean that."

"Well, then, just take my advice," said Mr. Ashmead, softening at the sight of his wife's distress. "Let young Gifford alone. Don't invite him here any more, and don't let Mary go where she is likely to meet him."

"Shall I then not ask Mr. Benson, or Mr. Clarke,

to our receptions, as formerly?" inquired Mrs. Ashmead, earnestly.

"Oh, yes! You must of course ask Harry Benson, the son of my old partner; and as for young Clarke, you know I promised his uncle that I would look after him; and I begin to fear that he is a little bit inclined to be wild. We must do all that we can to keep him out of mischief," answered Mr. Ashmead.

"Then, how can I pass over Mr. Gifford, who has been intimate with both of them all through their course, and has really done a great deal to restrain Frank Clarke's wild tendency?" said his wife, gently. "If I do so, it will be treating the young man as if he had proposed and been refused, and this simply because we are afraid he thinks too much of Mary."

"Why in the world could he not have been something else than a theological student?" exclaimed Mr. Ashmead, irritably.

When a man's logic is found in fault he generally grows cross, while illogical woman rises serenely above such small considerations, and is happy in proportion as her logic fails; therefore the world at large should be profoundly grateful that such a disaster rarely happens to the masculine mind.

Mr. Ashmead now threw his paper on the table and rose from his chair.

"We might have made something of him if he

had taken the ordinary course, like Benson, and Clarke ; but I do really believe that these theological students at Riverton Seminary take to the ministry because they have not the capacity for anything else."

"Oh, my dear, I am sure you do not mean that," expostulated Mrs. Ashmead, gently. "I know that there are truly Christian young men among the theological students at Riverton."

"Yes, yes, I know. But which of those young fellows could manage a business concern, or show the pluck and push necessary for a young man who would get on in the world now-a-days? However, that is not the question. With your woman's wit you can manage this matter. All that I want is, not to hear of any nonsense about Mary and this young fellow. She has had good advantages, and she is above the common run of girls. If she marries, the fellow must be intelligent and well informed, as well as a Christian. I have no intention of allowing her to be carried off and buried in some country parsonage with a man who cares for nothing beyond preparing a sermon or two a week, and where her chief enjoyment may be a tea-party, at which the women talk about their children and missionary flannel underclothes, while the men get in a corner by themselves and talk of crops and church debts, and delinquencies in general. Well, you understand ; and now I leave it all to you."

This long speech had the good effect of restoring Mr. Ashmead's equanimity. He nodded pleasantly to his wife, and as Mary's voice was heard outside in the hall the subject of conversation was changed very quickly. The subject itself, however, could not be as quickly or as readily dismissed.

The Ashmeads ranked among the most hospitable, as well as the most intelligent and agreeable people in Riverton. To be shut out from intercourse with a family where intelligence and all the social refinements were heightened by the spirit of true Christianity, would be counted a misfortune by any one in Riverton who had ever had the privilege of enjoying that intercourse. And the very fact that Mrs. Ashmead was accustomed to extend to all her guests a quiet and cordial hospitality, mingled with lady-like reserve, made it an impossibility for her to act with apparent rudeness or caprice towards any of them.

Hartley Gifford stood well in the esteem of the Professors at Riverton Seminary, and was considered by them as a thoroughly good young man. He had been brought up, on moderate means, by religious parents ; but, in his home circle, there had been no remarkable amount of intelligence. His parents in fact looked upon their son's fondness for books as an evidence of extraordinary talents ; and when he felt that he ought to enter on the work of the ministry, they

made every effort to enable him to follow his desire and to attain a thorough preparation for his work. With this object in view he entered Riverton Seminary, and when there he studied harder than most of his fellow students. But, it must be confessed, that for some time he had a tolerably good opinion of his own acquirements. A turning point, however, came.

When the Ashmeads returned from a visit to California, where they had spent several months, for the benefit of Mrs. Ashmead's health, Hartley Gifford's industry in study and earnest Christian spirit attracted Mrs. Ashmead's attention, and caused her to take an interest in him; and when, a little later, Henry Clarke came to the Seminary, recommended to Mr. Ashmead's special care, and formed a close friendship with Hartley, both the young men were cordially welcomed at Mr. Ashmead's.

In this refined and intelligent home circle, a new world seemed to open to Hartley Gifford. Subjects in history, literature, and art, which he had laboriously studied, and on acquaintance with which he had rather prided himself, were chatted about as naturally and as easily as old Job Pyle, the blacksmith at home, used to discuss the likelihood of Squire Martin's new mare having tender fore-feet; and even the boyish chatter of little Harry Ashmead, who, at that time, was hardly ten years old, showed that he was taught

to think and to notice, as a bright child quickly learns when he is in the company of intelligent and thoughtful people.

And now that Mary had grown to be a lovely woman of twenty, and Hartley Gifford was looking forward in three months to his graduation, when his vague plans for the future must begin to take definite and practical shape, Mr. Ashmead had been startled by a look or a tone from Hartley, or a deepened color in Mary's cheek, and perhaps by a jesting remark from some officious neighbor. He did not state the exact match that had set flame to his suspicions; but, at all events, it led to this announcement to his wife, that Hartley Gifford must not be invited to the reception that she was to give shortly. Mrs. Ashmead felt as strongly as her husband, that the man who might seek Mary's hand ought to have some better prospects and something more to depend on than a mere diploma of graduation; but all the wit of ten thousand women could make it nothing but sheer rudeness to drop young Gifford now from the list of guests invited to this large reception. And, moreover, the wit of this one woman was quite sufficient to assure her that this would be the readiest way to excite wondering protest in the mind of her daughter. As to Mr. Ashmead's further suggestion, that their doors should be permanently closed against

Mr. Gifford, and that Mary should be kept away from all places where she would be likely to meet him; that idea was certainly worthy of the masculine estimate which is inclined to suppose that his wife can do nothing that he can do, and, *per contra*, that she ought to be able to do every thing that he cannot do.

There was one way by which to cut the Gordian knot, but Mrs. Ashmead did not wish to suggest it, as she knew that sooner or later Mr. Ashmead would himself speak of it, if it were possible.

When the time came to send out invitations to the reception, her husband remarked, pleasantly :

"It will be well to ask that young man, Anna. Of course we want to be civil to him; and I have a plan that will settle the matter we talked of the other day. What do you think of another trip across the water?"

"I know the children would enjoy it; and if you can go, I think it will be very pleasant," replied his wife.

"Very well; I will arrange it. But don't say anything about it for a week or two, till I get matters definitely settled."

The result of this decision was, that on a lovely, mild evening in April, Mr. Gifford found himself in Mrs. Ashmead's brilliantly lighted rooms, receiving the usual kindly welcome from host and hostess.

His opportunities of speaking with Mary were, however, very slight. She was too much occupied with their numerous guests to give more than a few words at a time to any one of them. She did, however, ensure him an interesting companion ; for after exchanging a few words with him, she said, pleasantly :

“ I see Mrs. Leroy standing alone. I must go and speak to her ; but first let me introduce you to the Rev. Mr. Carleton. He is a delightful old gentleman. In talking with him, one finds out fifty ways of doing good that one had never thought of before. It seems to me that his mind takes up the different objects of church-work, each in its turn, as naturally as we girls think of our bonnets as the seasons change.”

While speaking thus she crossed the room to a table, where a tall, white-haired gentleman was turning over some photographs of noted buildings and scenes in Europe.

Having given the introduction, she flitted away to give pleasant words and cheerful smiles to a stiff and rather unamiable looking lady, who would often be left entirely to herself if Mary Ashmead did not stop to listen courteously and reply brightly to her somewhat tedious speeches.

Mr. Gifford was half inclined to wish that he was

prosy Mrs. Leroy; but he soon found that his companion well merited all the praise that Mary had given him.

Mr. Carleton did not forget that he had once been a young theological student himself, and he possessed the cheerful, kindly nature that makes its owner sympathetic with both young and old.

Hartley Gifford soon found himself talking quite naturally and openly about his plans, and his ambition to do well in the noble work upon which he expected soon to enter. From talk of himself, his hopes and aspirations, they quickly drifted to the wider subject of the work to be done for the Master all over the world, and Mr. Carleton spoke of the struggles of Baptists in the old countries of Europe, where the truth is imprisoned like Enceladus under an Etna of prejudices and habits confirmed by the growth of centuries.

"It is hard for us in this young and free country to imagine what it is that they have to fight against over there," said he. "But you," he added, turning to Mr. Ashmead, who had joined them, "can understand this better; for you have been to Germany and to Sweden, and you have seen for yourself what we only read about."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Ashmead, a little embarrassed, "I have heard about the Swedish and German Mis-

sions. But we did not go to Sweden when we were in Europe, and—let me see—was the German Mission begun at that time? I don't remember hearing anything about it. I know that I have given towards its support, but I think that was since we came home."

"Ah," said Mr. Carleton, pleasantly, "if you go over there again, you must look up our brethren in Hamburg. I have just been reading a touching account of the difficulties the students there have to contend with and the hardships they endure."

"Ah, indeed!" replied Mr. Ashmead. He seemed rather embarrassed, and Mr. Gifford wondered a little what could cause his host's usually genial manners to be so constrained.

Mr. Carleton, however, went on quietly speaking about the state of the churches in Sweden, and his great desire to see the strange and wonderful land of the midnight sun. When Mrs. Ashmead left them to attend to other guests, Mr. Carleton remarked to his young companion :

"People often do not improve all their opportunities of giving a helpful word and kindly sympathy where such are much needed. As I cannot myself go over the ocean, I try never to lose an occasion to enlist the personal interest of those who are likely to be near our struggling brethren."

This remark awakened in Mr. Gifford's mind a strong desire to know more about these missions in Northern Europe; but it suggested no idea of any personal connection with his own life. It was not until this delightful evening was completely gone into the past that he discovered what a break in his own almost unconscious happiness was to follow.

He was studying hard for the final examinations, and thus several days had passed without his seeing the Ashmead family, when one evening his friend Clarke came into his room, saying:

"Have you made your party call on the Ashmeads yet, Gifford?"

"No," he replied; "I have not. I have been as busy as I could be ever since their reception; but I am going to-morrow."

"Well, you had better be quick about it. They are going away," replied Clarke. "They are to sail for Europe pretty soon."

Hartley Gifford took the news quietly enough, and Clarke soon sauntered off to find a more talkative companion. But it was not his studies that kept Gifford silent. He never before had such hard work to understand what he was reading. He was amazed at himself to find how those few words of Clarke's had taken his heart out of his work. At last, angry with himself, he planted his elbows on his desk and covered

his ears with his hands, so as to nail his attention to the work before him. But thoughts could hardly be governed thus. It was very late that night before he closed his book. Eager, anxious plans of what he would say on his visit the next day would press in, filling his brain and dispersing all thoughts of study. Perhaps it is needless to add that he was not planning how he should say *Good-bye* to Mary.

As it proved, however, there was no opportunity to say good-bye, or anything else. It was Mrs. Ashmead alone who came forward to greet him when he called at the house on the following afternoon.

"I suppose you have heard the news?" she said. "We are to sail next week; and, as Mr. Ashmead gives us but a short time in which to get ready, I had to send Mary on to her Aunt Cornelia, in New York, to do some necessary shopping before we leave. I hope that we shall not have a rough passage; for I am but a poor sailor."

"Is she—is Miss Ashmead coming back this week?" asked Mr. Gifford.

"Oh, no! there is no time for that. We shall pick her up there, as we intend to sail from New York," replied Mrs. Ashmead; and then she went on chatting in her usual quiet tones.

In her heart she was intensely sorry for the young man, and she did her best to help him to recover him-

self. He did his best too ; but he never afterwards could remember in the least what they talked about, and his voice sounded to him very strange and hoarse.

“ We shall see you again before we go,” said Mrs. Ashmead, as he rose to take leave, and Mr. Gifford answered :

“ Oh, yes ! certainly. This is not good-bye.”

But here again was a good-bye that was never uttered ; for on the day that the Ashmeads steamed out of New York harbor, Hartley Gifford was standing by his father’s death-bed.

CHAPTER II.

THE ASHMEADS OFF FOR EUROPE.

IT was a bright and cool morning in May, as the Ashmeads, after saying "Good-bye" to relatives and friends, stood on the deck of one of the largest of the ocean steamers, waving hats and handkerchiefs in company, though not in strict time, with several score of their fellow-passengers.

This has become more of a conventionality than anything else—a kind of survival from the old coaching days, when every little journey of ten or twenty miles was made the occasion of a great airing of pocket-linen. It is becoming more and more out of date as time goes on, more's the pity! There is something about the custom which seems to render us—for the time, at least—not so much of living automata.

In point of fact, Mr. Ashmead, having traveled much, and crossed the ocean many times, thought scarcely any more of the voyage than a Philadelphian does of the ferry-boat passage to Camden; and he swung both hat and handkerchief spasmodically and perfunctorily. Mrs. Ashmead felt much the parting from her only sister, and she waved adieus with as

much energy as she could muster, considering her dread of the sea-sickness, which she had an idea might attack her at any moment, as if the infection germs of the malady were somehow mysteriously contained in the sides of the ship.

Harry was in his element, and perfectly overjoyed. He perched himself wherever he thought he would be most conspicuous, tied his handkerchief to the end of his umbrella, and shouted "Good-bye!" in exactly the same tone and with far more readiness than he would have said, "How do you do?" Mary Ashmead stood near her mother, and kept her gaze steadfastly fixed on the little group standing on the wharf. As she gazed, her eyes almost filled with tears. Even to herself it was a surprise—that parting from her aunt and her young cousins, whom she had hardly known until the previous week, should occasion such deep emotion.

By this time the steamer was far out in mid-river. People on shore were no longer distinguishable, and there was much of interest in watching the movements of other steamers that were starting at the same time. One of the "ocean greyhounds," as they are called—the steamers that drive across and through the water at the rate of four hundred miles a day—passed them, to Harry's great disgust, soon after they left the bay.

He consoled himself with the thought, "They will not get a chance to do it again this voyage."

The days sped swiftly away. The weather was charming, with the exception of one day near the "forties," when the sea was somewhat heavy, and the ship seemed to labor, without making much progress—"like going through a hay-mow," as Harry whimsically expressed it.

His father, who had been silently watching the tossing waves, called this simile a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous; but to Harry, who had spent two summers on a farm, the figure seemed most fitting and appropriate.

"Though, of course," as he confided to Mary, "anybody who never had to tramp hay as fast as it was unloaded, away back in the darkest and closest part of the barn, on a stifling hot summer day, couldn't be expected to see the sense of it."

The *petite* beauties of the Isle of Wight, the inviting outline of the south coast of England, and the characteristic Channel scenery, with its multitude of vessels passing and repassing, were lost to Mrs. Ashmead, who did not venture on deck until the vessel was safely within the sheltering arms of the Isles of Zee-land, floating with many a sharp turn and corresponding change of speed up the broad bosom of the historic Scheldt.

On the last day, however, as she was enjoying the novel scenery with its long stretches of unbroken flatness, and its comb-like rows of trees sharply defined against the distant horizon, Mr. Ashmead came forward, accompanied by a gentleman, whose genial manner and dignified bearing gave the impression of one well acquainted with the world, charitably disposed towards his fellow men, and well assured of his own mission among them.

"This is Mr. Morley, of whom I spoke to you," said Mr. Ashmead, stooping to pick up a book which had slid from the chair at his wife's side. "He is going to stay a day or two in Antwerp, before leaving for Hamburg; and he tells me it would be well worth while for us to spend a week or two in this city, if we could so arrange it."

"Yes," said Mr. Morley, after having made the usual inquiries as to the lady's health, and having expressed his regret that they had not been favored with her presence at table and on deck during the voyage: "I know of no more delightful place than Antwerp, in which to recover from the effects of the voyage. With its quaint old buildings and historic associations, it is as restful, and at the same time as interesting, as the old city of Chester, to which so many travelers hasten immediately on arriving at Liverpool. Here you have a Chester right at hand."

“I am surprised to hear that,” said Mrs. Ashmead. “I had the impression that Antwerp was a generally uninteresting, sleepy sort of a place, with no attractions for strangers, except Ruben’s wonderful picture and the Cathedral which contains it.”

“That certainly is the greatest of the art treasures preserved here,” replied Mr. Morley, “but there are countless other objects of interest, which are well worth the attention of the intelligent and cultivated tourist.”

“You spoke of a museum and a collection of antiquities, did you not?” suggested Mr. Ashmead, addressing his friend, and at the same time motioning to him to take a chair and sitting down himself.

“Yes, the Plantin Museum and the interesting collection at the Steen, the old Castle of Antwerp, are among the finest things of their kind. The old Castle itself, as it now stands isolated on the broad quays that have recently been constructed, forms a striking and picturesque object. A few years ago it was surrounded and very much hidden by houses, but these have now been torn down in building the new quays, and the Castle stands out prominent and isolated, a striking object to meet the eye of the traveler as he approaches the docks.”

“Yes, there are, no doubt, museums and galleries, and other places of that sort,” said Mrs. Ashmead;

“but what I meant by uninteresting and sleepy was, that I have been told by friends who have passed through Antwerp that the houses looked as if no one lived in them; and, in short, that there seemed to be no life in the place. One of my friends, who is much interested in philanthropical work, remarked the absence of public institutions and libraries.”

“Ah, I see,” said Mr. Morley, smiling. “Your friend thought that a city might be a little too restful, and he would have liked to discern signs of present, as well as of by-gone, human interests. Well, I do not know what opportunities the person of whom you speak had to make himself acquainted with the real, actual life of the city. But, I can say this, that to imagine Antwerp destitute of modern interest, is an error into which a stranger may easily fall; and I would like to give you some idea of the real state of things in this quiet looking city.”

He then proceeded to give some account of the *crèches*, or infants' homes, the Mariner's Bethel, the hospitals, the public gardens, the library, and other benevolent and popular institutions, interspersing his remarks with so much pleasant personal reminiscence and lively description, that his hearers found themselves exceedingly interested, and hardly noticed the rapidity with which they were leaving the broad stretches of the river behind them, until Harry came

running up, with Mary, following him more quietly. His errand had been to get his father's field glasses, that he might through them look at the tall, slender shaft visible in the southeast, which they had told him was the spire of Antwerp Cathedral. This had distracted his attention from the contemplation of the "houses built down cellar," as he called the towns and villages on the banks of the river, surrounded with their high grass-covered dykes.

The conversation was thus broken up, and the entire group was soon engaged in scanning the distant horizon.

"I never could understand why some writers have referred to the toppling spire of Antwerp Cathedral," said Mr. Morley, as he handed the glass to Mary. "It seems to me the most beautifully proportioned tower I have ever seen."

"I have heard," said Mr. Ashmead, "that the lofty spire of St. Michael's in Hamburg is higher than the Antwerp spire; yet it gives nothing like the same impression of its height."

"That is quite true. I have seen both; not to mention having ascended both," said Mr. Morley; "and the difference is quite as marked under both circumstances. The Hamburg tower, with its broad, easy flights of wooden steps, does not seem half as difficult to the climber to ascend, as the Ant-

werp tower, with its narrow, steep, spiral stone staircase."

"And then," chimed in Mary, "what is the use of being tall if one does not show it? I do not think it looks in the least toppling, either. It looks beautiful, and just right. Do you know how high it is?"

"It is higher than St. Paul's in London," replied Mr. Morley. "It is more than four hundred feet in height. St. Michael's, I think, is four hundred and thirty-two; which is nearly a hundred feet higher than St. Paul's."

"I wish we could see more of the city itself; it seems to be all spire from here," said Harry, who, to tell the truth, was a great deal more interested in watching the boats that they passed, than in discussing the respective heights of towers.

"Oh, that must be Liefkenshoeek," exclaimed Mary, as they approached the last curve but one, before reaching the docks, and noticed a band of soldiers emerging from a fort; "just listen to that music; does it not sound romantic? It must have been just here that that young officer of the Prince of Parma was thrown unhurt across the river by the explosion of the fire-ship."

"You have read Motley, and remember him too," remarked Mr. Morley; and Mrs. Ashmead, who was making use of her return to the upper deck to observe

quietly this gentleman whose name she had frequently heard from her husband and children when they tried to enliven her seclusion in her state-room, noticed the look of interest and respect with which he turned toward the bright, girlish figure beside him.

“Yes, and I have thought how appropriate it was to load those fire-ships up with great stone and marble slabs, so that the same explosion which blew the Spaniards up would also provide them with tombstones.”

Mr. Morley could not help laughing at this conceit; and, replying in the same spirit, soon found himself in a lively conversation with his young companion, and was much interested in explaining to her the great changes which had of late years been made in the aspect of the river front, and the wonderful growth of the city as a mercantile power.

A small tug had come alongside, and the huge steamer soon passed between the Tête de Flanders and the mighty Cathedral, and was slowly warped in toward the dock.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Ashmead had been consulting together as to how much time they could spend in Antwerp before going on to Hamburg. From what Mr. Morley had said, they felt sure that a lengthened stay would be both pleasant and profitable; but there were other considerations which seemed

to render this impossible at present. The end of May was already approaching, and Mr. Ashmead had been sufficiently influenced by his talk with Mr. Carleton on the night of the reception to make him desirous to spend some time in visiting the more northern cities of Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Stockholm.

"Besides," said Mrs. Ashmead, glancing in the direction where Mary was standing, "this Mr. Morley seems very pleasant and well informed; and he is going on to Hamburg, you say, on——"

"Monday," replied Mr. Ashmead, completing the sentence. "This is Friday, and that will give us Saturday for sight-seeing, and Sunday to rest. But I see they are going on shore now;" and so saying, he went to look after the luggage.

There was now a great deal of hand-shaking and hurried attempts at a few last words by those who had no friends to meet them; while most of those who were expecting friends or relatives to welcome them, had little time to spare in taking leave of mere *compagnons de voyage*.

The Ashmeads were soon safely stowed in a *voiture de place*, or cab, and were rattling off to their hotel, after having received a promise from Mr. Morley to call for them on the following morning.

They passed by the Porte Regia, standing at the entrance to the Place St. Jean, and drove rapidly

down the Rue Haute, when Harry's attention was attracted by a stone tablet affixed to a tall, ancient looking, six storied building ; and he called to the coachman to halt. They stopped for a few minutes, and read the inscription, in gilt letters: "Geboorte-huis Van Jacob Jordeans, KunstSehilder, 1593-1678," which Mary's knowledge of German enabled her to decipher as "Birth-house of Jacob Jordaens, Artist." They looked with interest at the house in which the celebrated painter was born. But underneath they saw an inscription of a very different sort, informing the public that this is an *estaminet*, and that *vins et liquers* can be obtained here, and lodgings also ; so that, if the visitor desire it, he may doubtless sleep in the very room where the great master first saw the light.

"Drive on," said Mr. Ashmead, after gazing for a few moments at the house. But again he consented to be detained as, at the end of the street, Harry's keen eye descried a similar inscription affixed to a smaller building : "Geboorte-huis Antoine Van Dyck, 1599-1641." This also was occupied by a vender of *Steerke Dranken*, the strong drink which is one of the greatest curses of the fair land of the Belgians.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST VIEWS OF ANTWERP.

THE next morning found the four travelers up bright and early, and assembled in the cosy breakfast-room.

“How did you sleep, Mary?” inquired Mrs. Ashmead, helping herself, as she spoke, to one of the dainty little pats of delicate, saltless butter, and spreading half of it critically on a crisp half roll.

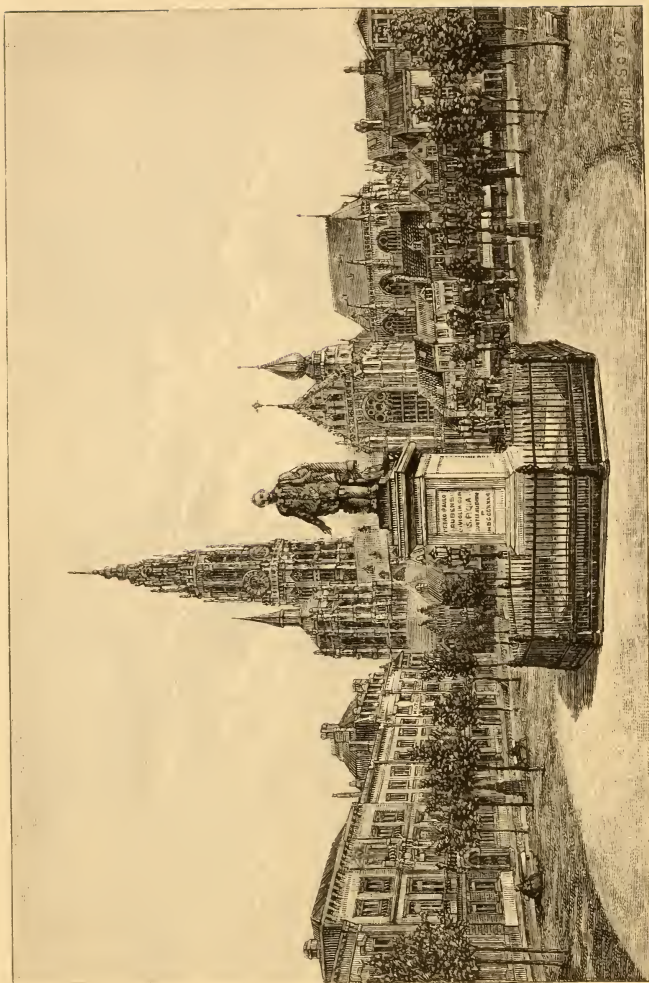
“Not as well as I expected,” replied Mary. “I had been thinking how nice it would be to sleep once more on terra firma; but really it seemed as if everything in my room rocked and heaved quite as much as the things did on board the steamer.”

In this view Mrs. Ashmead and Harry both concurred.

“And I,” said Harry, “was almost smothered—not under the weight, but by the size, of a big, puffy bag of feathers on top of my bed. It fairly haunted me.”

“Why didn’t you take it off, if it bothered you so much?” asked his father, good-humoredly.

“Oh, I didn’t think of that!” cried Harry. “Why, so I might!”



Ashmolean.

CATHEDRAL AND RUBENS' STATUE—ANTWERP.

At this they all laughed; and Mr. Ashmead went on with his breakfast, listening to their conversation with the amused smile of an old and experienced traveler.

When Mr. Morley called, a conference was held as to the day's proceedings, and it was decided that Mrs. Ashmead and the young people should go out with him to do some sight-seeing. Mr. Ashmead could not go out in the morning, as he had some necessary and important correspondence to attend to.

"Should you like to look at the Cathedral first?" asked Mr. Morley, as they stepped out from under the wide-arched *porte cochere* into the narrow, winding sweep of the *Vieux Marché au Blé*. On receiving a general assent from the little party, he added:

"Well, then, let us turn to the left. It will be but a step further, and we shall thus reach the short street leading right up to the west front, which is much better than approaching it first on the side from the Place Verte."

The view which they soon obtained by following this course amply justified Mr. Morley's statement. Passing down the short, slight incline of the little street that leads from the *Vieux Marché au Blé*, they stood at the apex of the triangular space of which the massive west front of the Cathedral forms the base; and seen from this point, the proportions of the ma-

jestic building produced an effect not to be compared with that obtained from any other point of view.

The contrast between the small, picturesque old houses, which formed the two sides of the triangle, and the Cathedral itself, was marked in the extreme; and the eye, traveling thence up the delicate tracery and wonderfully wrought lines of the single completed steeple, gained an impression of amazing altitude and grandeur, simply overpowering in its sublimity.

The spectators stood for some time in almost awe-struck silence. Even Mr. Morley, familiar as he was with the scene, felt strongly the indefinable fascination which held them all.

Harry was the first to break the spell, which he did in true boyish fashion.

"I tell you, it makes a fellow's neck ache to stand with his head thrown back in that way. I wish I was where I could see it all without having to look up so."

"But perhaps in that case you would not like it half as well," suggested his mother.

"That is true," said Mr. Morley. "The steeple is in that way a true type of our ideals. If we get to a point where our ideal is no longer something to be looked up to, we are very apt to find that its value is correspondingly diminished, and that we still are in

need of something higher—something hard to look up to.”

“Yes, and is it not strange,” added Mary, “that by our very efforts to render the enjoyment of anything more easy, we should so often lose half of the enjoyment itself?”

Mr. Morley could not avoid giving a glance of hardly concealed surprise at the speaker. It was astonishing to him how readily this young girl entered into any train of thought started, and how aptly she expressed her opinions.

Harry, however, who had merely been calculating how high a platform, built over the adjoining houses, would be necessary to give him the point of vantage from which he could get the fullest view with least risk of a crick in his neck, did not perceive the relevancy of all these consequent remarks, and again took up his share in the conversation by calling attention to the number of mean-looking little shops, which were built up against the walls of the corner of the south tower.

Mr. Morley explained that these buildings, having been at one time permitted, still retained a sort of traditional right to existence in such close proximity to the sacred edifice.

In truth they seemed out of place, clinging around the base of the heavenward pointing spire, like the

traces of earthly passions still clinging to some noble soul as it soars upward, striving to escape from their unholy influence.

But the time was slipping away ; they now entered the Cathedral and viewed the interior, imposing and unique from its vast proportions and extreme simplicity.

They lingered long in silent admiration before Ruben's magnificent painting, "The Descent from the Cross," and then, at Mr. Morley's suggestion, they proceeded to the Hotel de Ville.

Mr. Morley was acquainted with one of the chiefs of the departments ; and, leading the way up several flights of stairs, he knocked at the door of a room situated immediately under the roof. On sending in his name, Mr. Morley and his party were admitted into the sanctum where is kept the ponderous and richly mounted Golden Book, in which daily, from the year 1866, are entered the names of distinguished visitors to the City of Antwerp. Here they saw the signatures of King Leopold, of Henry M. Stanley, and of many other noted personages. The courteous occupant of this quaint retreat called their attention also to the vast number of rare and valuable works relating to the history of the city ; and finally, going to the deeply recessed window, he pointed out the Cathedral's giant form rising just across the market-

place against the southern sky. After all, Harry had what answered very well the purpose of the platform in mid-air, on which he had been cogitating; but even he was obliged to admit that the view, though singularly enchanting, and one with which not all visitors are favored, was not nearly as fine as the one from the little open place far out of sight below.

On returning to the hotel, they found that Mr. Ashmead had been called out unexpectedly, and had left word that he would not be home till evening.

"Oh, isn't that too bad?" exclaimed Harry, who had been looking forward with pleasure to another excursion under his father's guidance in the afternoon. "We cannot go anywhere by ourselves, because we cannot talk French or German."

"*Parle pour toi-meme!* speak for yourself, Harry!" cried Mary, gayly. "Just because you wouldn't study Levizac and Collot, is no reason for including everybody in that helpless category. Besides, mother knows enough German to help us out if my French fails."

Mrs. Ashmead shook her head somewhat dubiously at this statement, and turned to ask Mr. Morley if he could not stay to take lunch, and go out with them again in the afternoon.

"I fear I must deny myself that pleasure, as I have made a previous engagement for this afternoon," he

replied, with such sincere regret in his tone that Harry whispered to his sister :

“I don’t believe it is an important engagement. He will stay if we all ask him. He is first rate ; he knows such a lot, and he can understand these people. I think that is a great deal harder than talking. Does mother really understand German ? I did not know it. Now there, he is saying no again. You tell him, Mary, that we can’t get on without him.”

Mary, who was scandalized at the rudeness of whispering in company, and found herself flushing most unaccountably and uncomfortably at the idea of urging Mr. Morley to stay, caught at part of this speech that she could most easily answer, and replied aloud, with good-humored sarcasm :

“No, I didn’t suppose that you knew all that mother knows, and I’m afraid you’ll never know anything if you don’t take more pains. Why, mother used to read German every day, at home. Is it possible that you have never noticed the book of German poetry that she reads almost every day there?”

“Well,” exclaimed Harry, “mother must know all about German if she can read that. Poetry is hard enough to understand in plain English.”

In the laugh that followed this very prosaic remark, Mr. Morley took his departure ; and as they went up-stairs to prepare for lunch Harry received a

private lecture from Mary, on the impropriety of taking advantage of the kindness of a stranger and urging him to break an engagement, in order to accompany them in visiting places that were not new to him.

“Stuff and nonsense,” replied Harry, who with great pride in his sister’s general wisdom could also display that lack of reverence for her opinion in a particular case which is sometimes to be remarked in the fraternal mind. “If the places are not new to him, at least he likes to hear what we say about them ; and I am sure that what you say is very often new to him. Besides he isn’t a stranger now, and I believe he wanted to stay. He only made up that engagement because he thought it wouldn’t be polite to let you know that he wanted to stay, and you thought it wouldn’t be polite to let him know that we wanted him. People are a great deal too polite,” he concluded as they reached his mother’s room ; and he flung himself into a chair with a comical grimace of disgust.

“Then I am afraid that I cannot include you among ‘ people,’ Harry,” said his mother, with a significant smile as she glanced at his tumbled hair falling over his forehead as he had pushed his hat towards the back of his head, forgetting in his indignation to take it off. “Are you going to watch us take off our bonnets, and then keep us waiting while you brush your hair and wash your hands?”

Mrs. Ashmead knew that Mary could easily have seconded her invitation in a frank and pleasant way, and perhaps she also shared Harry's opinion as to the effect that it would have had upon Mr. Morley's decision ; but she held the old-fashioned ideas that young girls had better err in the direction of shyness than of forwardness, and she was content to despatch Harry to his room, and thus to end the discussion.

After lunch the three went out together, trusting in the possession of good eyes, a guide book, a map, Mary's knowledge of French, and Mrs. Ashmead's acquaintance with German.

This time they bent their steps away from the older portion of the town out toward the handsome new boulevards in the northern and eastern part.

Harry, who, if not very quick about books, had a sharp eye for almost every thing else, was amused with the way in which the laborers carried bricks where building was going on. Instead of a hod, each man had a narrow piece of board on which he piled bricks, to the number of thirty or forty, in the form of a pyramid. Then he shouldered it, balancing the front end with his hand, and mounted solemnly aloft.

He was also much interested in watching the number of dogs that were employed to draw little carts along the streets. Some of these seemed quite com-

fortable in harness, and trotted along contentedly, only looking back ever and anon to make sure that their master or mistress was following, and doing his or her full share in the necessary matter of propulsion.

After visiting the little park, which is so skillfully laid out that one can hardly realize how limited is its extent, they took the tramway, and enjoyed a breezy ride, behind a stolid Flemish horse, out to the northern gate of the city. They passed through the massive portals and over the numerous draw-bridges, out into the smiling country beyond. A complete and sudden change, such as is only to be found in the precincts of a walled and fortified city.

They gazed on the huge earth-works and wide moat with interest; and their interest was increased when Mrs. Ashmead reminded them that they were looking on a series of fortifications that are considered to be unsurpassed by anything that modern military science has been able to produce. She went on to tell them that the moats, now only partly filled, and bearing on their placid and somewhat stagnant surface great quantities of water-lilies, could, at a moment's notice, be so flooded from the neighboring river as to render the city as inaccessible to an enemy advancing by land, as if situated on an island in the midst of the sea.

It was growing late, however, and the declining

sun warned them that it was time to retrace their steps.

Soon after they reached the hotel, Mr. Ashmead also arrived ; and at the table he listened with interest to the account of what they had seen and done during the day. There was much to be told and to be commented on, and Harry was eager to excite his father's wonder over the electric clocks at the street corners. Mr. Morley had told him that there were between three and four hundred in different parts of the city, and that they worked very well, with the exception of slight irregularities when there was electrical disturbance of the atmosphere.

Mary spoke with much interest of the work of a lady whom they had seen under the trees in the Place Verte distributing tracts to working-men, servant girls, shop boys, little street boys, and, in short, to any one who came forward to receive them.

"She had several different kinds of tracts, printed in two or three languages ; and when any one held out his hand, she would ask which language he wished for ; and she tried to give to each a tract in the language which he could understand. But the people crowded round her so eagerly, and so many hands were stretched out at once from all sides, that it must have been very difficult."

"Yes," said Harry, "I noticed that some even

reached over her shoulder, and took them out of the bundle she held in her arms."

"I noticed, too," said Mrs. Ashmead, "that though they crowded around and jostled each other in a way that seemed almost rude, it was really only the result of their eagerness to obtain a paper or a tract; and often I saw, when one had by mistake received two copies of the same, he would hand one of them back, or give it to another who had not as yet obtained one. We went up and spoke to her afterwards, and found that she was an English lady, one of the six or seven hundred English inhabitants of Antwerp. She had chosen this very effective way of doing good and spreading abroad the useful Christian literature prepared by the great Tract Societies."

Mrs. Ashmead had been painfully impressed by the great number of small drinking-shops in the streets, and they had seen one of the deplorable results of their trade in a drunken brawl, which took place in front of a groggery in one of the suburbs. Harry remembered this vividly; for the street-car had stopped most accommodatingly for some minutes, while both conductor and driver ran to help to separate the wretched fighters.

On their homeward way they had seen the preparations for the celebration of high mass the next day in the open air. At the narrow end of the Place

de Meir, workmen were busy erecting an altar, the top of which was to be as high as the surrounding houses. A broad flight of steps led up to the platform, above which rose a figure, designed to represent the Virgin Mary, facing the wide, open space where on the morrow, thousands of deluded people were to congregate to look on at a glittering theatrical spectacle, under the impression that they were thus engaging in an act of true worship.

“Nothing,” said Mary, “that we have yet seen, made me realize so distinctly that we are in a foreign country. Indeed, it seems to take one back into the Middle Ages.”

CHAPTER IV.

A CONTINENTAL SUNDAY.

MR. ASHMEAD'S ignorance concerning the work of the Baptists in Germany and in Sweden had been due in great measure to the carelessness into which truly Christian people often slip in the fatigue and absorbing interest of travel, whether for business or for pleasure. It was certainly not to be ascribed to any deliberate intention to ignore his brethren; for he believed in worshiping with those of his own denomination wherever he could find them. In fact, he never thought of doing anything else. The snobbish idea of attending any other church than his own, just because the other happened to be larger, handsomer, more fashionably situated, or attended by more fashionable people, never occurred to him. If it had occurred to him, he would have had too much sterling good sense and real piety to be influenced by it. Fashion is one of the most empty of all empty delusions; yet many seem to forget that it is people who make fashion—not fashion that makes people. If any one had suggested to Mr. Ashmead not to attend his own church in such-and-such a place “because it is small, and in straitened circumstances, and they are

not very nice people anyhow," he would have replied, with characteristic straightforwardness :

"It is not too small so long as I can find standing-room in it. By contributing our mite, the straitened circumstances will be so far relieved. And as for the people"—and now would be seen a flash in the speaker's eye that generally made meaner spirits feel rather abashed and uncomfortable—"as for the people, they are the Lord's people!"

So it happened that one of the first questions which Mr. Morley was called upon to answer, when he appeared on the following day at the Hotel du Grand Miroir, was :

"Where is the Baptist Church?"

"The Baptist Church!" repeated Mr. Morley, in a surprised tone, adding quickly, "There is none; and, moreover, I think it is exceedingly doubtful if at this moment there is another Baptist besides ourselves in all this great Belgian city."

"I suppose I might have known that if I had only thought for a moment," replied Mr. Ashmead. "Belgium is, I believe, one of the most exclusively Roman Catholic countries on the continent. I have seen, somewhere, a statement that out of a population of four or five millions, there are but sixty-six thousand Protestants in the whole country."

"It does seem strange, though, that Baptists should

be working with energy, and pushing off into heathen countries, yet leaving this field in the very centre of one of the most enlightened and prosperous, though perhaps one of the smallest, of the European nations, comparatively untouched," said Mrs. Ashmead. "Why do they not send down colporteurs from Germany, I wonder? They are so much nearer to Belgium than even England is."

"Ah, madam," replied Mr. Morley, "they have as yet quite enough to do in Germany, in order to supply the men needed for their own country. You will see that before we have been long in Hamburg. That town is the great centre from which Baptist teachers and preachers must come in the future to extend the knowledge of the truth throughout their own land, and over the adjoining countries. Our people at home ought to do what they can to strengthen the Baptist institutions established in the city on the Elbe; and I am glad to see that some of them are beginning to understand the importance of so doing."

"But cannot they go on of themselves by this time?" inquired Mr. Ashmead, who had been studying up the subject carefully since his interest had been aroused. "They have already had much help, and have now been long established. I understand that mission was begun fifty years ago; and it seems to me that it should be self-supporting now."

“It rather appears to me,” said Mr. Morley, “that the very growth of the work is of itself one reason why the Baptists in Europe should not be left to go on by themselves. It is true, this work has grown largely, and has spread far and wide. I never knew until lately how rapid the progress has been, nor just how widely it has extended. I am deeply thankful for what has been done, and for the possibilities that I see in the near future. It would be a great pity if, in dealing with this question, our brethren should repeat the mistake of King Joash.”

“What do you refer to?” asked Mr. Ashmead.

“You remember the account of his visit to the dying prophet Elisha, when he was told to take a bundle of arrows and smite on the ground. He smote thrice and stayed. Elisha was wroth, and asked why he did not smite five or six times; for had he done so, he should have smitten Syria until he had consumed it. As he had stopped so soon, he should only smite Syria thrice.

“The moral of this narrative is, I think, plain. In work for the Lord, we must use vigorously the means that he has put into our hands; and we must not pause too soon if we would not lose the fullest fruits of our labor.”

“Well,” said Mr. Ashmead, “I had not thought of it in that way before. I shall feel much interest in

seeing how things are going on with our Baptist brethren in Hamburg."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mary, who came to remind her mother and the gentlemen that it was time to go out.

They decided to go to the English church, which is situated in the Rue des Tanneurs. As they walked along Harry noticed certain streets that were strewn with white sand, rose leaves, and small snippings of colored paper; and he asked what that meant. Mr. Morley explained to them that this marked out the route that was to be taken by a Roman Catholic procession, in which the host was to be carried.

Our American tourists were little accustomed to the sights and sounds in a Continental city on Sunday. The streets were full of pleasure seekers, the stores seemed to be all open, and the street cars were crowded with people hastening to the different pleasure resorts, where, as usual on the Continent, the most attractive programmes had been arranged for Sunday.

They found it a great relief to turn from the noisy streets and enter the doors of the quiet English church, where a small congregation of worshipers was assembled, listening to the words of truth and love from the Holy Scriptures, joining in the responses prescribed by the prayer-book, and ever and anon mingling their voices in melodious strains of praise,

supported by the solemn tones of the pealing organ. An hour or more passed thus in prayer and praise, the benediction had been pronounced, and the congregation was issuing from the door.

What are those notes that strike so harshly and discordantly on the ear? The loud blast of trumpets is heard. The street is filled with people. It is almost impossible to pass. In a loud tone Mr. Ashmead manages to overcome the surrounding uproar sufficiently to tell his little party that it is better to wait quietly until the procession has passed. For it was the processional march. The open air mass had been celebrated while the little congregation were quietly worshipping, and now down the street came the gorgeous spectacle.

First came eight or ten trumpeters, followed by several men in white upper garments, bearing aloft large banners, each of them requiring the services of three men, one to hold upright the heavy pole, which rested in a little leather pocket attached to the front of his surplice; and one on each side to steady the pendant wings. Then came a great number of men, with no peculiarly distinctive dress, carrying candles, some of them blazing, while others had gone out, the holder meanwhile trudging along in blissful unconsciousness that his light was not "trimmed and burning." If, however, his attention was called to the

fact, it was easily remedied. He walked over to his nearest neighbor and got lighted up again. Sometimes two or three would gather around, trying to light their candles from one which was itself almost extinguished—fit emblem of those who still strive to draw their spiritual sustenance from Rome.

A brass band followed, which, however, was just at that moment resting from its noisy labors; then came more priests, and more candle-bearers, and more crucifixes, until at last came the richly ornamented Baldachin, under which the host was carried. This was preceded by three youths, walking backwards and incessantly swinging censers with burning incense. As this part of the procession approached, most of the spectators, a large proportion of whom were women, knelt down, the men reverently uncovering their heads.

This was the supreme moment. As the awe-inspiring symbol was borne along, the populace knelt down before it, and rose up behind it in one great, sweeping wave. Sixty men, marching in the form of a hollow square, brought up the rear, bearing aloft an equal number of magnificent gold and silver lanterns. The trumpeters were now nearly out of hearing, having turned a corner of the street far in advance; the citizens took in the bouquets which had adorned the front of their houses, and blew out the candles inæsthetically fixed

in the very centre of the blooming flowers; little children ran to gather up what they could of the flower-leaves and pretty scraps of paper, with their newly acquired accession of religious associations; women stepped briskly past, with baskets full of long, stick-like loaves, each one looking like an actual staff of life; the shop-keeper resumed his selling, and the customer his bargaining, and the busy rush of life went on as before.

Mr. Ashmead and his party breathed a sigh of mingled relief and pity, as they turned their steps homeward. Very little conversation ensued. Even the irrepressible Harry felt somewhat the saddening effect which the hollow pageant had produced on the minds of the older persons.

The afternoon was spent quietly in-doors, in reading and in conversation. And in the evening, at the instance of Mr. Morley, they attempted a longer excursion to the Mariner's Bethel. This is situated near where the northern end of the semi-circular sweep of the Boulevards approaches the river front. As the party passed the wide Avenue du Commerce, as the Boulevard is called at this part, they heard the distant shrieking of a fife; soon the crowds began to grow denser, the noise of brass instruments was then heard, and the deep bass of a drum close at hand. The visitors found that again their desire to engage in

quiet worship had led them into the very thick of a Continental Sunday. This time, however, it was not anything under the guise of religion, but a genuine, out-and-out, noisy, merrymaking, quarrelsome, brawling, giddy, distracting Flemish fair, or Ker-mess.

The Boulevard, which was fully two hundred feet wide, with two road ways and a broad central walk, shaded by fine trees, gave ample room for the erection of the canvass booths that lined each side of the way, and vied with each other in offering their attractions to the thoughtless crowd. Here is a booth dedicated to the "Book of Destiny" where a fortune-teller plies his, lucrative trade. Here is another where mermaids are exhibited; a third invites the passer-by to step in and behold the marvelous exhibition of a woman with her body cut off at the waist, and resting on a board suspended in mid-air. Several large merry-go-rounds are in active operation, one with four wooden horses in a row, and twenty of these rows, propelled by a dingy white horse, mysteriously concealed behind a dirty curtain, underneath which only his feet appear as he treads inside his little compartment, the weary round, which appears to be such a merry one on the outside to the laughing children and servant-maids. For the sum of one cent one can generally enjoy ten revolutions of the circle. Huge quantities of fried potatoes and dough-nuts were consumed in some of

the booths, in which brightly burnished metal stoves and pans were devoted expressly to the preparation of these popular "*Delices de la Friture.*"

There seemed to be an effort to have something of a religious element in the midst of the hurly-burly. Here was a tent bearing the title of the Inquisition, with far more horrors depicted on the gaudy canvass without, than could be seen inside, if the unsuspecting patrons had only known it. In one rather out-of-the-way corner, the attention of our visitors was called to an exhibition of "*Les Enfers,*"—as they call the abode of Satan—which was persistently commended to the notice of the public by the loud-mouthed proprietor informing them repeatedly that many conversions had resulted from viewing this terrifying and convincing representation.

After pushing their way through this Babel of sights and sounds for several squares, the party arrived at a neat two-story stone building, having over the door an open Bible with the inscription, "*God's word.*" A lantern that was burning brightly showed plainly the name of the Mariner's Church and Institute. On entering, as they had come early on purpose, the chaplain had time to show them the officers' room, with maps, pictures, and letter-box; the reading-room, with papers and library; and the living-rooms, which he and his family occupied.

"I have heard a good deal about the floating libraries," said Mary to Mr. Morley. "Do you think we could see any of them here?"

"Oh, yes!" said the chaplain, overhearing the question; "we can show you that very easily."

While he was opening a small closet, Harry whispered to his mother:

"What is a floating library, any how?"

"It is a small collection of books sent on board a ship for the use of the sailors during their long voyages."

Harry now pressed forward to see what the chaplain was bringing out of the closet. It was a strong, plain, deep wooden box about eighteen inches square.

"We have shipped during the year thirty-six such boxes, filled with books. A 'floating library,' stowed away in the forecastle, is a real treasure to the sailors. And we have filled as many tract-bags with magazines, illustrated papers, and tracts, and placed them in the forecastles of sea-going ships. No one can estimate the good thus done."

In the hall, Mary noticed a tablet erected by the Antwerp Society in commemoration of the heroism of Captain Robert Creighton in rescuing the five hundred and seventy-two passengers of the wrecked American ship *San Francisco*, in 1853.

"Captain Creighton was the commander of the

‘Three Bells,’ was he not, who lies buried in the cemetery at Kiel?” said Mr. Ashmead. “I well remember what a profound interest was felt all over our country in the fate of the noble ship San Francisco, and the grand and humane exertions of the rescuers.”

“Yes, and do you not remember the beautiful lines in which the poet Whittier has immortalized the incident?” And in a rich, subdued voice, Mary repeated :

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal-guns pealed out.
Dear God ! was that thy answer
From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind—
“Ho ! ship ahoy !” its cry ;
“Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by !”

Hour after hour crept slowly ;
Yet, on the heaving swells,
Tossed up and down the ship-lights—
The lights of the Three Bells.

* * * * *

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on, Three Bells, of rescue
Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh !

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said the chaplain, in a low tone. "I never felt so deeply those charming lines. Thank you."

At this moment some persons appeared at the doors, and Mary gladly perceived that the congregation was beginning to assemble. She had not intended to repeat as many lines of the lovely poem; but her father's pleased smile and whispered "Go on" had induced her to continue.

They now went up-stairs to the hall. During the sermon, though the weather was really warm, it was necessary to keep the windows closed; otherwise, the din outside would have prevented the words of the chaplain from being heard. The discourse was a stirring appeal, well adapted to an audience of sailors. The chaplain pointed his hearers to the word of God as the chart on which their safe course over life's ocean is clearly mapped out.

At the conclusion, when the congregation rose to sing the stirring hymn, "Light in the darkness, sailor,

day is at hand," the windows were thrown wide open, and the sweet notes of praise floated out on the evening air, as if in holy protest against the profaning influence of the sounds that rose from the neighboring street.

"I wished," said Harry, after they returned home, "that I had a hundred voices, so that we could have drowned out that horrid racket, and compelled those people outside to listen. Anyhow, I did my best, and sang as loud as ever I could."

CHAPTER V.

AMONG FRIENDS IN HAMBURG.

EVIDENTLY Harry was right in his frankly expressed opinion, that Mr. Morley enjoyed their society ; for on the following morning, when they were preparing to leave Antwerp, he was at hand to assist in the care of the ladies and the luggage, and also to render valuable service in keeping sight of Harry.

This inquisitive young gentleman was prone to dart off unexpectedly during any delays. He was amusing himself thus when Mr. Ashmead had to go to take the tickets and see the trunks weighed. On his return he exclaimed hastily :

“Now come along quickly, and I’ll get good seats in the train.—Where is Harry?”

Mrs. Ashmead and Mary, while peering intently through the crowd, could only reply anxiously :

“He was here a moment ago ; he cannot have gone far.”

“I have been keeping my eye on him,” said Mr. Morley, looking from his vantage height of full six feet over the heads of the people, and making a signal with his umbrella as he caught the boy’s eye. Then,

taking Mary's satchel, he quickly piloted them to a comfortable coupé in the train for Hamburg.

The journey from Antwerp to Hamburg was long and dusty, and had it not been for the grateful noon-day stop at the pretty station of Wesel, the interesting glimpse of the city of Münster, and the fine scenery during the latter part of the route, it would have had hardly a redeeming feature.

"I am sorry that we cannot stop here for a day or two," said Mr. Ashmead, as they approached the ancient city of Münster.

"Yes," replied Mr. Morley, "it does seem almost like a waste of opportunities to pass a city fraught with such associations, just as if we could visit it any day."

"But, after all," said Mrs. Ashmead, from her corner of the railway carriage, "this is what every traveler must do at times. And indeed it seems to me that it is precisely the mistaken sort of feeling to which you refer that spoils so many pleasure trips. People think that they ought to see every place of interest along their route. They try to do so; and the result generally is that they see nothing to any purpose. If their time had been spent in knowing one place well, it would have been turned to much better advantage."

"Well, we shall have to take our parting look at

the old city," said Mr. Morley. "You can have a better view of it, by looking back on it, just after we have started."

"There goes the whistle," said Harry. "The whistles, I mean. Just listen to them."

And in truth they formed a singular concert. The conductor piped out a thrilling note on his shrill whistle; the guard responded with another trill; the engine shrieked like a magnified penny whistle; the guard whistled again to make sure that his instrument was in good order; the conductor trilled another roulade to show that he was not to be left behind. This was followed by a great slamming of doors all along the line of carriages, and they were again in motion.

It began to grow cooler and more pleasant as the afternoon wore away. Onward sped the train, past the end of the Teutoberger Forest, with its masses of white trunked birches in striking contrast to the sombreness of the dark-leaved pines.

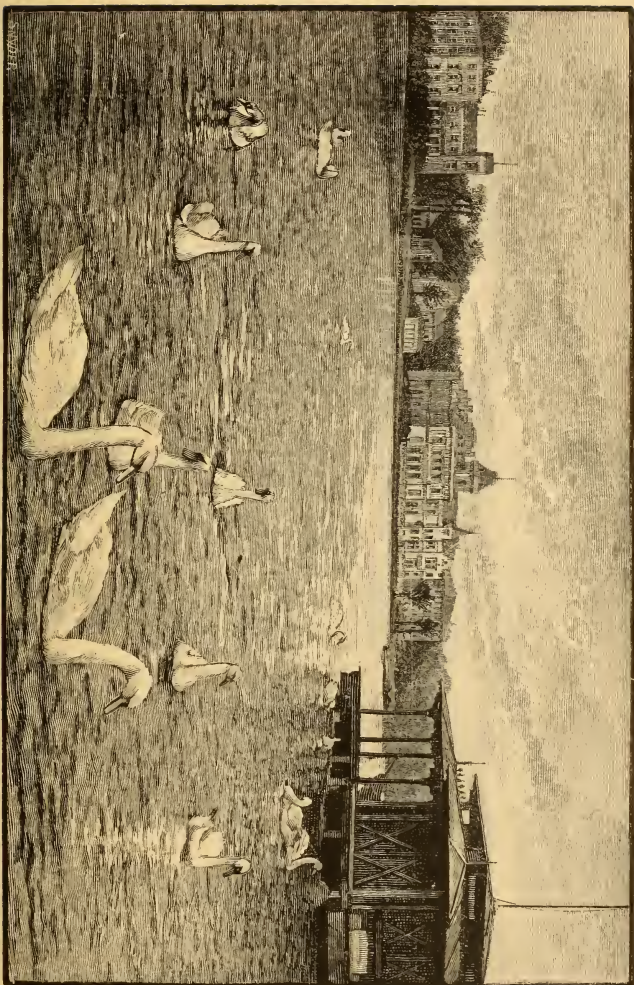
"They suggest," said Mary, "the bleached bones of the host of Varus which, after their defeat by Herman, were here gathered up and carried back by Germanicus, to be honored with sepulture at Rome."

They rushed on past Osnaburg, famous as the place where the peace of Westphalia was concluded; and across the wide level stretches of the Luneberger

Heath, with its peaceful herds of horses pasturing, and countless flocks of snowy geese. Still they sped swiftly onward, and swiftly downward hied the setting sun, until the last stop was made at Bremen, where nothing could be distinguished but the outlined form of houses, chimneys, and spires, against the rich yellow glow of the evening sky.

As our travelers approached Hamburg, but few words were spoken. They were tired, it is true, but it was not fatigue that kept them silent. There was strange fascination in those long hours of the evening twilight, the air filled with the softened sunset glow, marvelously prolonged, and shedding its enchanted glory over the fair fields and rich pastures. It was one of those scenes wrought by the subtle magic of the setting sun, which have ever a touching and inspiring effect on the human heart, saddening perhaps as the memories of departed days, yet rich in the power of awakening and strengthening every better hope and higher aspiration of the soul.

The next morning, when the party assembled in the breakfast-room, with its large glass windows contrived expressly to afford an uninterrupted view of the beautiful Alster Basin, they could hardly find words to express their admiration. White swans were floating lazily up and down on the bosom of the transparent water; the broad esplanade was already alive with



people passing and repassing under the cool shade of the trees ; steamers were plying hither and thither, and the entire scene was well calculated to excite the liveliest emotion of pleasure in the mind of the beholder.

They could not, however, long be contented to play the part of mere spectators, and the conversation soon turned on the best way of employing their time.

“I wrote from Antwerp to a friend of mine who lives not far from this hotel,” said Mr. Morley, “and after breakfast I shall call——. Why, here he is now !”—and with this sudden change in the construction of his sentence the speaker rose from the table and advanced to welcome his friend with warmth and heartiness.

“Now,” said he, after introducing the new-comer, a middle-aged man whose every tone and gesture bespoke the courteous, intelligent, and prosperous business man ; “now, you may feel sure that we shall spend our time to the very best advantage. Mr. Meyer knows every thing about Hamburg, including the suburbs, which are in many respects the most interesting part of the city ; and whatever he tells us is worth seeing, you may be very sure will answer to his description.”

Mr. Meyer modestly disclaimed the possession of the all-comprehensive stock of information ascribed to

him, and then proceeded to tell them of some of the interesting things that ought to claim their attention.

"You wish to know about the churches, of course, and to visit them; and I fear you may be disappointed, for here you will find us sadly modern."

"The modern things are the best after all," put in Harry, in a low tone, to Mary; "the Baptists don't need to be old before they are worth much."

"I was not referring to our own churches," said Mr. Meyer, who caught the words and glanced with amused interest at this sturdy young champion. "But here is Mr. Morley, who can tell you all about our publishing house and our theological school, and all the special Baptist interests in our city."

"Do you mean," asked Mary, who saw that Harry looked abashed and came to his rescue, "that all the old churches were burned in that terrible fire?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Meyer, and there was sadness in his tones, "they were swept away by that awful fire in 1842. You know it lasted several days, from Thursday to Sunday. Never can I forget that fifth of May, when first it broke out, and those days of horror which followed, when in spite of every effort the raging flames continued their onward march till they had laid in ashes a large portion of our fair city. But I must not sadden you with these recollections," he continued, in a more cheerful tone. "We

have worked hard since then to repair the ravages wrought by the fire. Our churches have been rebuilt ; and St. Nicholas and St. Peter's are very fine buildings. They are in the Gothic style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; but of course they have not that real antiquity which is so much prized and sought after by your countrymen."

"So much the better, so much the better," ejaculated Mr. Ashmead, in his quick, decided way. "I think you must sometimes feel half inclined to laugh at the way in which American tourists race through dozens of old churches, checking them off in their guide books so that they may be able to remember when they get home how many they have seen. For my part, I like a church building to be suited for its purpose. When I went to hear Dean Stanley, in Westminster Abbey, I could not catch one connected sentence, not one ; and my feet were cold, and the place was draughty."

"But, my dear," interposed Mrs. Ashmead, gently, "there is a charm, an indescribable influence, that I think we must all feel in such a place, where such grandeur and beauty are connected with so many associations of the past. I fancied," she continued, turning to Mr. Meyer, "that the lofty spire we noticed as we approached the city, could not belong to a new building."

"No," replied that gentleman; "St. Michael's, it is true, escaped in the great conflagration. It is remarkable for its lofty steeple; but then it only dates back to the middle of the last century."

"Will they let us go up the tower?" asked Harry, who had made a private resolution to emulate Mr. Morley in climbing.

"Oh, yes! and you will be rewarded with a splendid view," replied Mr. Meyer. "You can see almost to the mouth of the Elbe."

"Pray, take care what you say, Mr. Meyer," exclaimed Mr. Ashmead. "If Harry is seized with the tower-climbing mania, I shall feel as though we were traveling with an inflated balloon. It is difficult enough to keep track of him, when he shoots off at unexpected angles on level ground; but if he takes to mounting aloft at each tall tower we espy, it will be truly a hopeless case."

"Never fear. I will go with him, like a sand-bag, to ballast him for the ascent," said Mr. Morley, good-humoredly; "and, meanwhile, you must look at the Town Library. The ladies will find much to interest them there, without risk of over fatigue."

"I wish that I could go round with you and do the honors of our city," said Mr. Meyer. "I fully intended to do myself that pleasure, but I found at my office this morning a business-call to Berlin, which

will, I fear, detain me in that city during the rest of the week. I believe, however, that you intend to make some stay in Hamburg; and, if you will allow me to do a little planning for you, may I suggest that you visit places of interest in the city first? You will, of course, wish to visit the *Raues Haus*. It is a pleasant drive, only about three miles out of town. If you will all come next Monday, and dine with us at twelve o'clock, it will give us a long afternoon, and we can go out and visit that institution. I expect my daughter home the end of the week, and I shall be very glad to be able to introduce her to Miss Ashmead."

"That would give me great pleasure," responded the young lady addressed. "But I am afraid she will be shocked at my bad German."

"No fear of that; and if she is, you will have a chance to be equally shocked at her English, though she has been diligently studying and practicing it for a year or two."

Mr. Meyer's invitation was accepted with thanks, and it was decided that they should visit the *Raues Haus* on the following Monday. He then took his leave, with renewed expressions of regret that he was unable to accompany Mr. Morley and his friends in their rambles through the city.

In the afternoon, Mr. Ashmead and his party,

under the guidance of Mr. Morley, went to visit the head-quarters of the German Baptist Publication Society in the thriving suburb of Borgfelde. The horse-car railway—Pferde Bahn, as it is here called—soon brought them within short walking distance of the place.

Here Mr. Morley introduced them to Dr. Philipp Bickel, the courteous manager, by whom they were shown through the various departments. They watched the presses steadily performing their important, yet quiet work; they visited the bindery with its number of busy and skillful workers; and looked into the offices and other parts of the large warehouse.

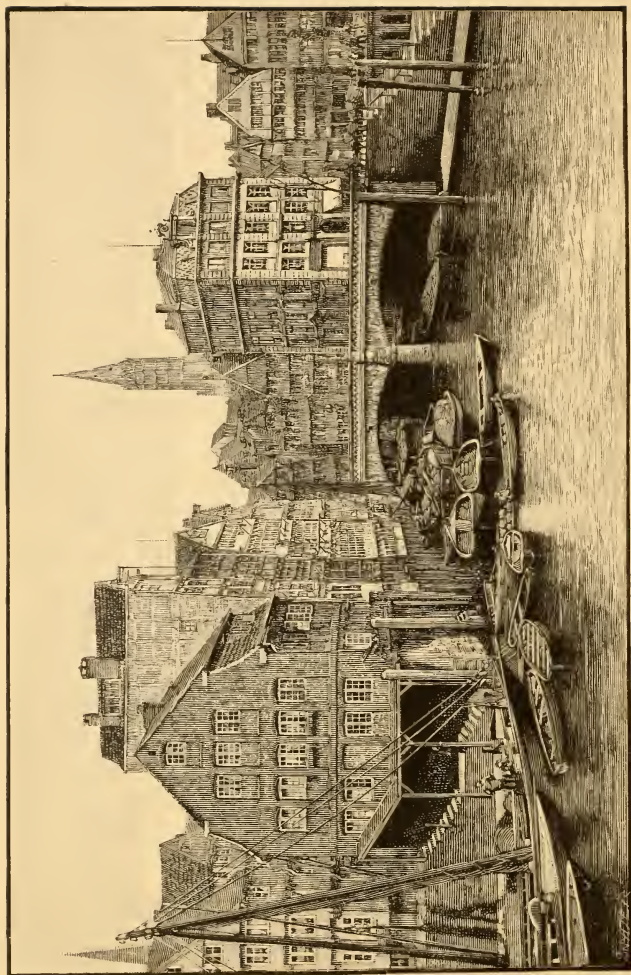
“You seem to be doing a good work here in the way of printing,” said Mr. Ashmead.

“Yes,” replied the manager; “our work goes steadily on, and we find that it enlarges from month to month. We print here six different styles of Bibles and Testaments, and furnish them at prices ranging from three cents upwards.”

“I see you have also large piles of the Wahrheitszeuge ready to be sent out,” said Mr. Morley.

“I am glad to see such a number of these silent messengers,” said Mr. Ashmead, laying his hand on one of the piles. “The power for good that lies in the evangelical newspaper can hardly be over-estimated.”

“That is very true,” replied the manager; “and I



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am glad to say that we find that our little paper is doing much good in its quiet, unobtrusive mission. But you will perhaps be surprised to learn that there are those who fear its influence, and who endeavor to cripple its power. Look at these,"—and going into the office he brought out several copies that had been returned from Russian and Polish post-offices, with whole paragraphs completely blotted out.

"It does seem strange to us Americans to see such things," said Mr. Ashmead.

"Here is something that recalls days of trial and of persecution," said the manager. "This is a picture of the Winzerbaum," and he pointed to a print that hung on the walls of the press-room.

"That is the old prison," explained Mr. Morley, turning to Mary. "It has a peculiar interest for us Baptists, for Mr. Oncken was several times imprisoned there for preaching and baptizing during the early days of the Baptist work in Germany."

"Oh, yes! I remember hearing of that," said Mary, and her father added:

"We must try to see that building. Where is it situated?"

"The pictures of the old prison are the only vestiges of it which now remain," replied the manager. "The building itself has, with many others, been recently torn down to make room for the new quays.

The commerce of the city is increasing so rapidly, that it was absolutely necessary to build those quays."

"By the way, I never looked at that building, and now I never see that picture," said Mr. Morley, "without thinking of the contrast between the action of Mr. Oncken during the great fire from May 5th to 8th in 1842, and that of the authorities of Hamburg on May 15th, 1843. The fire, of course, left large numbers of people homeless. Mr. Oncken had, a few days before, rented a property that fortunately was not reached by the flames. He gave up to the sufferers three floors of this building, only retaining the one that was used as a place of meeting for the church. Sixty or seventy people thus found shelter that they sorely needed. Little more than a year after this Mr. Oncken was locked up in that Winzerbaum for pursuing his Christian work. But a great change has been wrought, and a great step has been taken towards religious freedom since that day; and great thanks are due to Dr. Oncken and to the Baptists for the victory of the truth and the right."

Occasionally going out by themselves, but generally under Mr. Morley's guidance, the days passed very pleasantly for the Ashmeads. Harry's zeal for climbing inclined him to look with contempt at any views that could be obtained from an ordinary level.

If left to his management their excursions would have included every lofty pinnacle in the city; but Mr. Morley represented to him that it would not be very good manners always to plan fatiguing excursions, in which the ladies would certainly decline to accompany them.

“Oh, well! father will escort them,” replied Harry; “he likes better going about in a quiet way to see something instructive. They are all going to the Library to-morrow; but you have seen it, and I don’t care to look at a lot of books.”

“What would you say to a tombstone with an ass playing the bag-pipe carved on it?” asked Mr. Morley, somewhat irrelevantly, apparently.

Harry laughed, and looked at his companion in puzzled surprise.

“Oh! I am not joking,” Mr. Morley assured him. “I have seen it. It is a relic of the old Cathedral that used to stand where the Johanneum now stands. If you come with us to-morrow, you can see it yourself in the Museum on the ground floor, while the ladies are looking at the Library above.”

Mr. Morley’s skillful ruse succeeded; and Harry, with aroused curiosity, agreed to accompany them when they visited the Public Library at the Johanneum.

There, at the end of the large quadrangular court,

they gazed with interest at a fine statue which had been just completed, but was still partially screened from view.

"That is a statue of Bugenhagen," said Mr. Morley.

"He was one of the Reformers, was he not?" asked Mrs. Ashmead.

"Yes, Pommeranius, as he is often called, from the place of his birth. He and Melancthon were Luther's most active assistants in establishing and confirming the noble work of the Reformation."

"But why are they thus setting up his statue just now?" inquired Mr. Ashmead.

"The four hundredth anniversary of his birth is approaching. He was born in June, 1485, and the event will be celebrated by the unveiling of this statue, with appropriate ceremonies, and by special services which are to be held in the churches," replied Mr. Morley. "And now, if you please, we will go on into the Library."

When they entered the Library, Mr. Ashmead began looking over the catalogue of books with Mr. Morley, to obtain some general idea of the character of the volumes. He was interested in noting that the collection of works on Baptist history and principles was very extensive. And among them were several works by well-known American writers.

Meanwhile Harry had ample time to investigate

the Museum of Hamburg antiquities, and to make the acquaintance of the musical ass so oddly figuring on the tombstone. He came to the rest of the party in the Library with various hieroglyphic marks that he had roughly scratched on the back of an old envelope, his usual substitute for a note book, and requested a translation of the inscription on this extraordinary stone.

"I don't know where they could find any text in the Bible to suit, unless it is something about Balaam's ass," he remarked, as he showed the paper to his mother.

"Oh, no ! they had at least the grace not to mix up the sacred with the profane," said Mrs. Ashmead. "This is not a text of Scripture."

"No, I remember it," said Mr. Morley, coming to her assistance, as she puzzled over the German, which was made more difficult for her by Harry's hasty scrawl. It only says, 'The world is turned upside down ; and therefore I, poor ass, have learned to pipe.'"

"Do you suppose that any irreverence was intended?" asked Mary, as at Harry's suggestion they all went down to the Museum.

"Very likely not," replied her father. "Many of these old inscriptions and pictures seem laughable to us, but really were intended to be solemn enough.

Were you ever in the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral?" he asked, turning to Mr. Morley.

"Yes, and I believe I know what you are thinking of," replied that gentleman,—“those odd representations of Biblical scenes all around on the wall just above the seats. The murder of Abel was, I think, the most extraordinary. Imagine,” he said, turning to Mary, “the figure of Abel kneeling patiently while Cain standing behind him plants one foot on Abel’s back to steady himself, while he raises a sort of pick-axe preparatory to operating on his brother’s head, as if it had been a large lump of coal.”

“I suppose a thousand years from now people will be laughing at our pictures and writings, just as we laugh at these old things,” remarked Harry, sagely.

“Oh, no! because we are more true to nature,” replied Mary.

“Are we?” asked Mr. Morley, who always liked to draw out Mary’s replies.

“No; she is all wrong, Mr. Morley,” chimed in the irrepressible Harry. “I’ve seen those instantaneous photographs of horses and dogs and cows running and jumping, with their legs all tangled up or sticking out like wooden pegs. That is just what people will put in their pictures after a while; and they will laugh at our paintings, and call them quite unnatural.”

“Macaulay’s New Zealander will come to pass judgment on the artistic knowledge of a dead and gone race,” said his sister, merrily.

But Harry was not quite clear in his own mind who this famous New Zealander was; so he willingly dropped the conversation, and was content to use his eyes for a time, and to let his tongue have a little unwonted rest.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. MEYER'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

ON the appointed day Mr. Ashmead and his party were punctual to their engagement at Mr. Meyer's house on Friedrich Strasse, and received a warm and hospitable welcome from the family party, which consisted of the host himself; his wife, a thorough German, who knew nothing of English, either good or bad, but a great deal about good housekeeping, and not a little about German literature and art; the daughter, a pleasant, intelligent girl, with a real talent for languages, as Mary soon found when she engaged her in conversation; and an elder brother of Miss Meyer's, a student in a medical college in America, who was spending his vacation at home.

The first thing that Mr. Meyer asked of Mary was:

"Have you been to see Klopstock's grave?"

"Indeed we have," was the reply. "We went out to Ottensen on purpose to visit it. But the day was very unfavorable; the clouds seemed to think it necessary to shed tears on the occasion. In fact, it just poured."

“I am very sorry. But what did you think of the inscriptions, or did the rain prevent you from staying to read them?” inquired Miss Meyer, in perfect English, notwithstanding a slight foreign accent.

“We had some difficulty in making them out, on account of the strange style of lettering,” said Mary; “but when we had succeeded in deciphering them, we could hardly avoid smiling.”

“Why, what was so singular about them?” inquired the young man, who, as is often the case with people who live in a place, did not know as much about his native town as strangers did.

“In the first place, you must know that papa made a mistake, and bestowed all his wonder and admiration on the first grave to which he came. With great reverence and in an awe-stricken tone he began to say, ‘So here lies all that was mortal of the great and gifted poet.’ But he changed his tone when we called his attention to the fact that he was standing before the tomb of Victor Ludwig Klopstock, and not that of Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, which is somewhat farther on.”

“But the inscriptions on the grave-stones of the poet’s two wives—what did you think of them?” said Miss Meyer, after Mr. Ashmead had hurriedly explained that it was only the illegibility of the inscription which caused his mistake.

“Oh, they are very strange!” cried Mary. “One bears the name and date of birth of his first wife, Margarita, who, in the words of the inscription, ‘awaits him there where death does not enter.’ And the other bears in a similar way the name and date of birth of his second wife, who is stated to have been ‘Meta’s darling, like her in heart and mind; and she also awaits him.’”

“It does seem like a piece of uncalled-for irony to have put on record the fact that the second wife was at one time the first wife’s darling,” said the young man, who mentally decided to make, some day, a pilgrimage to this singular shrine.

“Perhaps,” replied Mary, “it was considered all the more needful to call attention to the fact of the second wife’s former claim on Meta’s affection, in view of the extreme probability of her having forfeited all claim to it in future.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Meyer, on the conversation being interpreted to her, “the children do not know what they are talking about; but they must have their fun, I suppose.”

The conversation ran rapidly from one subject to another, as general conversation is apt to do. Much of the attention of the host and hostess was naturally taken up in explaining to their guests from across the water, the thousand and one little customs which im-

pressed them as strange and different from those to which they were accustomed.

Harry, who was much interested in dogs, wanted to know more about the dogs which they saw so generally used as draught animals.

"He has been observing narrowly the way in which they are harnessed," explained Mary, "and is only sorry that he had not seen these ingenious and simple little sets of harness some years ago, when he was laboring over the problem of attaching a little cart to Rover's burly and shaggy form. Rover could not have resisted the proceeding more stoutly if it had been a matter of attaching a tin can to his tail."

"I notice one thing about it," said Mr. Ashmead; "we do not see as many dogs drawing carts here as in Belgium."

"An effort is being made to regulate, and if possible to suppress the custom," replied Mr. Meyer. "There are not more than twenty used now for a hundred that were formerly employed. There is a regulation by which the owners are obliged to carry mats for them to lie down on, and blankets to protect them in bad weather; but of course this rule is often evaded. On the whole, the poor dogs have really a dog's life of it."

"Why, I should think they would be petted and taken the greatest care of; they seem to draw so well,"

said Harry, who knew well how kindly disposed he would have felt towards Rover, if that sagacious animal had only consented to pull a little cart, like those Hamburg dogs.

"Ah, it is very seldom that they get any petting, and they die by the hundred from exposure and hard work. But I hope to see the entire custom done away with before long," said Mr. Meyer. "We ought to do away with it entirely; it is put down in Copenhagen."

Mrs. Ashmead was succeeding better than she had dared to expect in conversation with their hostess, and had brought up the subject of the daily papers. She said she had some difficulty in finding the regular sheet of one journal; there were so many "beilages," or supplements.

"Yes!" replied Mrs. Meyer. "Many of the papers publish one or two supplements. People can buy any of them separately. Often three or four people subscribe to one journal and take turns in reading it. One gets it at seven o'clock, the next at nine, and the third the next morning."

"I should think it would cause a good deal of discussion to decide who should have it first," said Mrs. Ashmead.

"Oh, no!" was the laughing reply; "that might be the case in your fast country; but here, you know, we

are slow and sedate. We appreciate the advantage that the one who gets it last has, for he is not hurried in its perusal."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Morley. "I found that out once when I was staying with one of my English friends at his country house. I wanted to see if a certain steamer had arrived, and I asked my host to permit me to look at the *Times*, which had arrived a few minutes before. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I wish you had spoken two minutes sooner. Old Mr. Mainwaring has just gone into the library. I will send one of the children to see if he has got hold of the paper.' I protested that ten minutes later would do just as well. Little did I imagine that the worthy old gentleman would sit for two whole hours, diligently conning every word. Then he dropped asleep with the paper in his hand, and it was only when our host's wife skillfully purloined it, without awaking him, that any one else had a chance to glance at it."

In the merriment and lively chat that followed, Mr. Morley managed to slip out of a discussion on politics which had absorbed the gentlemen, and Mrs. Ashmead noticed that most of his conversation until they rose from the dinner was either directly addressed to Mary, or of a nature to attract her attention. She was therefore not greatly surprised that, when it was proposed to divide into two parties for the afternoon, Mr.

Morley offered his services as escort to the young people.

Mr. Ashmead and herself were going with Mr. and Mrs. Meyer to the "Rauhes Haus;" but Miss Meyer had taken possession of Mary, saying:

"We will take your brother as escort, and wander about at our own sweet will to any place you care to see in the town."

"It is not fair," Mr. Morley remarked, pleasantly, "that Harry should monopolize two ladies; and I beg you will add me to the guard of honor."

"Very well," said Mr. Ashmead. "Harry will take care of the girls, and you will take care of Harry. But I warn you that your one charge will need more watching than both of his."

Mr. Ashmead had found that he knew some of Mr. Morley's relations, and the more he saw of the gentleman himself, the better he liked him. Notwithstanding his very keen sense of danger in allowing Mr. Gifford's visits, it did not seem to occur to him that Mr. Morley might be equally dangerous; and his wife did not wish to vex his mind and to disturb his enjoyment of a congenial companion by any vague surmises.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO THE RAUHES HAUS.

A PLEASANT ride on the "Pferde Bahn," or horse-car railway, soon brought Mr. Meyer and his party within a short walking distance of the Rauhes Haus.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashmead were hardly prepared for the sight which here presented itself to them. The name, Rauhes Haus (the Rough House), had suggested the idea of a rough, though perhaps a large, house.

"Indeed, it was but a very rough and small farmhouse," replied Mr. Meyer, to whom they expressed their surprise, "when Wichern and his mother entered it, on November 1st, 1833. By the close of that year they had received twelve boys, and the house could contain no more. But Wichern began his work in prayer and faith, and now you will see to what it has grown."

Turning in at a neat gateway, they found themselves walking through well-kept grounds of large extent, planted here with vegetable and other small crops, there devoted to flowers and shrubs, and in

other places laid out in smooth, well-cared-for lawns; while dotted here and there over the smiling landscape were the various buildings, private and public, devoted to dormitory, industrial, living, and school purposes.

Passing around the picturesque fish pond, our party stopped at the head-quarters, where, after a short delay, one of the older pupils came to show them over the grounds. Most of the teachers were away on a short leave of absence.

On the walls of the office he pointed out the portraits of several of the patrons of the institution, and especially that of Mr. Sieveking, whose gift of the land and the old house, in 1833, first rendered possible the carrying out of Mr. Wichern's cherished project. The lad remarked that they had probably noticed opposite to the entrance the handsome residence and beautiful grounds which are still in the possession of the Sieveking family.

They were then taken through the large and comparatively new, two-story building, devoted to carpenter and locksmith work, and were much pleased with the general air of industry and order which seemed to prevail.

As they were walking on through the grounds to visit another of the buildings, Mrs. Ashmead expressed a desire to know more about the origin of

such an admirably conducted establishment, and what first gave the idea of such a work to Dr. Wichern.

“To begin with the beginning,” replied Mr. Meyer, “I must tell you that its founder, Johann Heinrich Wichern, was a native of Hamburg. He was born in our city on the 21st of April, 1808. He studied theology at Göttingen, and after passing his examination in theology at Hamburg, in 1831, he became a teacher; and he also undertook the charge of a Sunday-school in the service of the German Home Mission Society.”

“I did not know that there were any Sunday-schools in Germany so long ago,” said Mrs. Ashmead. “I thought they had only recently adopted the idea.”

“They had just been started,” replied Mr. Meyer, “and it is an interesting fact that Dr. Wichern, the founder of this work which has assumed such magnificent proportions, received the idea originally while laboring in a Sunday-school, organized by our honored brother, Dr. Oncken, in St. George, which you know is a suburb of Hamburg. This was the first Sunday-school in Germany.”

“Here is the ‘Anker Haus’; will you enter?” said their guide.

“Certainly,” replied Mr. Meyer; and turning to Mrs. Ashmead, he added, “we will resume our conversation on our way home.”

They ascended first to the dormitories in the upper story, and noticed with satisfaction the completeness and excellence of the arrangements for ventilation and for heating. Down-stairs, they looked into the recitation rooms, and the room where each boy has his desk and a few books. At the end of the room was hanging a large bird-cage, containing several finches and other feathered songsters.

"This," said Mr. Meyer, who was evidently well acquainted with the working of the Institution, "is one of the recently erected buildings. The funds for building it, which came from Schleswig Holstein, were provided on a liberal scale, so that this house might be a kind of model in its way. All its arrangements, as you have seen, are admirable."

"Do you know how many pupils are in the Institution?" inquired Mr. Ashmead.

"The total number of inmates," replied Mr. Meyer, "is about three hundred and fifty, and there are about ten teachers. The pupils are divided into five or six families, and each of these is under the charge of one of the older pupils."

"What do you consider as the chief object of this Institution?" asked Mrs. Ashmead.

"The main and primary object," said Mr. Meyer, "is certainly to afford a refuge for morally neglected children; to this has now been added the furnishing

of a boarding school for children of the higher classes ; and thirdly, the training of those who wish to fit themselves to act as teachers and officers in other public institutions."

"The children are allowed to have pets, I see," said Mr. Ashmead, as they passed a boy who was feeding his rabbits.

"Yes," said Mr. Meyer, "all harmless and rational amusements are encouraged ; and when a boy's birthday comes round, if his relations send him eatables or other presents, he is allowed to have a table to himself, on which these are all spread out, and on it are placed as many candles as he has had birthdays."

"That is rather a singular custom," said Mrs. Ashmead. "I see every effort is made to keep up a home feeling in the pupils, and I think it is an excellent plan."

In the school rooms they noticed, posted up conspicuously, many practical bits of advice and pointed proverbs, such as :

Pleasure in doing things aright,
Makes both trouble and labor slight.

One was in Latin—the curt sentence :

Aut disce, aut discede.
Either learn, or depart.

In the new guard-house, where the gymnastic ex-

ercises are also carried on in bad weather, they saw such couplets as:

Come and go, and joyful be,
Without, within, God keepeth thee.

Godly heart, goodly art.

This room was handsomely ornamented with paintings and frescoes, done by the pupils. It contained one hundred and fifty fire-arms, presented by a Prussian prince, as a token of the satisfaction he felt with the manner in which the school was carried on.

They afterwards visited various other buildings—the laundry, the bakery, the hospital, the book-binding and printing office, and the chapel.

In the Old Rauhes Haus, they saw hanging up, the old cap of the original owner of the house—a man named Ruges, from which the building is said, by a slight change, to have taken its name.

Dr. Wichern began his life-work with the care of three poor boys; the work grew under his hand, and increased wonderfully. He little imagined, when he began, the extent and importance of the work.

During the first fifty years, eighty-nine *brothers* have gone from this training-school, to accept positions in similar institutions. At the present time, there are one hundred and sixty-four houses of refuge in the German Empire, in which five

thousand, five hundred and eighty-seven children are yearly educated and cared for.

Just as our party had left the grounds, and were about to turn their faces homewards, their attention was attracted by the sound of singing. On looking down the green country lane, they saw a large body of the boys belonging to the institution, coming back from their bath. They were marching in ranks four or five abreast, and shouting a not unmusical measure, which served the double purpose of marking time for their steps, and of preventing any disorderly talking or laughing.

"An institution like this is an excellent way of settling the 'tramp' question," remarked Mr. Ashmead, as they were on their homeward way. "I am a firm believer in the old saying, 'An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.' There are a great many ounces of prevention here; but on each of these boys much more than a pound of cure might be utterly useless, if they were left to themselves until they were five or ten years older."

"That is very true," replied Mr. Meyer; "but as we cannot bring back to boyhood those who have already grown to be men, we find that we must also try the pound of cure. And you will find this in our *Arbeiten Colonien*, of which there are eleven in different parts of the Empire."

"What is their object?" asked Mr. Ashmead. "Are they places to which tramps can be sent?"

"Their object is to give work, shelter, food, clothing, and encouragement generally to men who wish to get work and to return to a reputable way of life. What you call 'tramps' in America have little chance to thrive here."

As he spoke he pointed to one of the houses they were passing, on which was a little metal plate with the inscription, "Member of the Society Against Mendicity."

Mrs. Ashmead had noticed these little plates on many of the houses, and she now asked:

"What is done with tramps here?"

"They are sure to be arrested," replied Mr. Meyer. "Here is where Arbeiter Colonien prove very beneficial. A man will generally prefer to enter one of these colonies, rather than to be sent to the common jail; and it often proves the beginning of a thorough reformation for the former tramp."

"A reformation for tramps! Pray let us hear about that, for this boy is the most incorrigible tramp I have yet met with," said a familiar voice behind them; and at the same moment Mr. Morley and the two young ladies joined them, while on looking back they saw Harry emerging from the cross street, out of which the rest of his party had just turned.

“There,” exclaimed Miss Meyer, merrily, to the boy as he came up. “I told you that the others would be home before us, and you were sure that they would not be back for an hour yet.”

“They may get home before you, but not before me,” retorted Harry, darting forward at a brisk pace towards Mr. Meyer’s house, which they were now approaching. It was a convenient way of taking himself off, just as he had been proved to be mistaken; but no one contested the race with him. The rest of his party were rather tired with the amount of walking and sight-seeing that they had done, and Mrs. Meyer insisted that they must come in and rest for at least a few minutes before returning to their hotel.

As soon as they entered the parlor young Mr. Meyer appeared, nothing loath to have a little chat with the bright young American girl. His residence in America had enabled him to become tolerably fluent in English conversation, and he meant to ask permission to walk back to the hotel with her when the party left; but here he found himself forestalled by Mr. Morley. That gentleman quietly took up his own hat and Mary’s shawl, as soon as Mrs. Ashmead rose to take leave of their kind hosts; and it was very evident that he had no intention of losing sight of the owner of the shawl.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY UNDER MR. MORLEY'S ESCORT.

THE next day Mrs. Ashmead was obliged to rest, as she dreaded an attack of her old enemy, nervous headache, that frequently came on after any unusual fatigue. Mary immediately announced her intention of staying with her mother; but Mrs. Ashmead would not agree to this.

"We are going on so soon to Sweden, that you must not lose a whole day in Hamburg. Go with your father and Harry, my dear," she said. "I need nothing but rest and quiet."

Yielding to her wishes, the three went out together. Mrs. Ashmead after a little while composed herself to rest, and indeed fell asleep; for she opened her eyes to find the afternoon well advanced, and to see her husband quietly sitting by the window, reading.

"Ah, you have had a good nap, that's just the thing to set you up; and now I will ring, for I promised Mary that I would see that you had something nice to eat," he remarked, cheerfully.

"Where is Mary?" Mrs. Ashmead asked, rather perplexed.

“Miss Meyer came a little while ago to invite us to tea, and to propose a walk to the cemetery afterwards. She thought Mary would like to see Dr. Oncken’s grave; so I told them all to go together and I would come back and take care of you,” was the reply.

“Was that quite safe, my dear?” expostulated his wife. “You know Harry is so heedless, and with only two young girls they may lose sight of him or get into some trouble.”

“Never fear; Morley was going with them, and I could trust him to manage a dozen boys,” replied Mr. Ashmead, confidently. “Now what will you have?”

Mrs. Ashmead agreed, in rather an absent-minded fashion, to whatever her husband chose to order, for at the mention of Mr. Morley her thoughts flew to Mary rather than Harry.

Meanwhile the party of young people were passing their time very pleasantly. After tea Miss Meyer had taken them, as she proposed, to the cemetery in the northern part of Hamburg, where Dr. Oncken was buried; and Mary was, as usual, improving the opportunity to gain information from Mr. Morley.

“How many Baptists are there now in Germany?” she asked, as they stood before the grave of Dr. Oncken.

“In round numbers, one might say twenty thousand,” replied Mr. Morley.

“But the Baptist work begun here in Hamburg, in 1834, with one little church of seven members, has spread beyond the German Empire, has it not?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mr. Morley. “It has extended into Denmark, Switzerland, Austria, and Russia. In the Russian Empire there are now three Associations—the North Russian, the South Russian, and the Polish. The whole number of members connected with the German Baptist Union was about thirty thousand last year.”

“What a grand harvest this is to have grown in fifty years from the small seed planted here in Hamburg, and cherished and nurtured by one man!” said Mary, enthusiastically.

“That, however, grand as it seems to be, cannot be said to be all of the harvest,” Mr. Morley added. “The work that you will find going on so successfully in Sweden may be justly regarded as a part of the harvest. Mr. Nilsson, the pastor of the first Baptist Church in Sweden, was baptized in Hamburg. The five other members of that church were baptized by Mr. Foerster, a Baptist minister who was sent from Hamburg for that purpose. Mr. Andreas Wiberg, who has labored so long and so successfully in Sweden, was baptized by Mr. Nilsson at Copenhagen, when he was pastor of the church there that originated from Hamburg.

“It is a wonderfully interesting history, when you come to trace the way in which the good work spread and was blessed. And it has grown with very great rapidity too. Let me mention one thing, to show that you may well say it is a grand harvest to have grown in fifty years from the small seed planted here in Hamburg. Have you any idea, Miss Ashmead, how many Baptists there were in the State of Pennsylvania last year? or, how long it is since the first Baptist church was planted there?”

“I must confess that I have no clear idea on either point,” said Mary. “I only know that they have a very large number of churches, ministers, and members. Of course with such a great number they must have been growing for very many years.”

“Yes, they have now been growing ever since 1688, one hundred and ninety-six years; and they have had no State Church to oppose them, and no civil persecution to hinder their growth. As a result they had, at the end of last year, a little more than sixty-eight thousand members. Now, compare with that the growth of the German Baptist Union and the Swedish Baptist Union. They have been growing only fifty years, with great hindrances, and often cruel persecutions; but at the end of last year, they had fifty-seven thousand members.

“Why, I am astonished!” cried Mary. “I had

not the remotest idea that there was such a grand harvest as that."

"And I," said Miss Meyer, "should have thought, if I had thought about it at all, that in your country, especially in such an old and prosperous State as Pennsylvania, the Baptists would have grown much more rapidly than they could possibly hope to do here."

"These are the facts, however," said Mr. Morley, "and I think that the American Baptist Missionary Union may well be thankful that it was allowed to plant the seed of such a harvest in Germany; and the American Baptist Publication Society may consider it a high honor, that to it was given the privilege of planting the same seed in Sweden, and seeing its fields white, with a like precious harvest."

"I am very, very glad," said Mary, looking at the tombstone of Dr. Oncken, with deep emotion, "that I have heard this, and heard it too in this sacred spot. I am glad and thankful too that no worldly display marks the resting-place of the servant of God, to whom his Lord gave the high honor to be the pioneer in this work."

"Yes," said Mr. Morley, "only the neat tombstone, with the simple inscription, as you see: 'Johann Gerhart Oncken, born January 26, 1800, died January 2, 1884,' with the addition of the verse,

from Eph. iv. 5, 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism,' and that from Acts ii. 42, 'They continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.' This seems much more suitable, and in accordance with the plain, sterling, Christian virtues of the great and good man."

"And there," said Mary, "is another smaller stone somewhat in advance of the other. Whose is that?"

"That is Dr. Oncken's son-in-law, Carl Schauffler, who, as you see, was born in 1819, and died in 1871. He was for many years Dr. Oncken's right hand man and chief manager."

"The larger stone bears two other names besides Dr. Oncken's—Sarah Oncken and Philip Oncken. He was only a child," said Mary, as she read the dates.

"Yes," said Mr. Morley, "he was, if I remember aright, burned to death by a terrible accident, when only eight years old."

They turned to go, after depositing on the grave the modest tribute of a few fragrant flowers.

"The monuments and grave-stones are of exceeding variety of form and design, are they not?" said Mary.

"Yes; but I think the favorite device seems to be an open Bible."

“Why do they have so many chairs and benches in the plots?” asked Harry.

“That is for the accommodation of the relatives who often, according to an old custom, come to pass the whole day in lamentation and mourning when a death occurs in the family.”

Mary was struck by the apparent great extent of the burying-ground; but was told by Miss Meyer that there were really at the place six large cemeteries, all close together.

“What shall we do now?” said Harry, who, to tell the truth, had not been exceedingly interested in this part of their excursion, and would much rather have spent the time in the Zoological Garden just over the way.

“You want some exercise, I suppose,” said Mr. Morley; “something that will stretch your limbs, and give you some climbing to do. Well, let me see; we have been to the Petri Kirche.”

“Which one was that?” said the boy.

“Oh, Harry, do you not remember the picture of Luther, and the inscription, ‘*Magnus non est cui Martinus Luther non est magnus*’?”

“That? Yes, I remember. What was it Mr. Morley said it meant? That no one was great if Martin Luther was not?”

“No, no; not exactly that,” interposed Mr. Morley,

laughing somewhat at the free translation. "Great is he not to whom Martin Luther is not great."

"I knew it was something of that kind," said Harry. "Well, we've seen that; what else is there to look at?"

"Suppose we go and ascend the tower at St. Michael's Church," said Mr. Morley. "We shall have a fine evening view, and you can hear the man play the chants too."

"Oh, the man we heard playing last Sunday, when we were on our way to the Baptist Chapel in Bohmken Street?" cried Mary. "Yes, that would be very interesting."

"And then we can see the outside, at least, of the house where Mendelssohn was born. You are fond of music, are you not, Miss Ashmead?" said Miss Meyer. "The house is in Michaelis Street, just a little way from the church."

This plan was received with great favor; and, as they were all good walkers and not at all tired, they decided that it would be more pleasant, in the quiet, cool evening air, to walk, than to be shut up in a carriage or street-car.

Miss Meyer, who found great amusement in Harry's good-tempered, but boyishly outspoken, criticism of everything that was new and strange to him, willingly suited her pace to that young man's rather

erratic fancy, leaving it to Mr. Morley and Mary more sedately to lead the way.

"I wonder," said Mary, thoughtfully, after they had walked for a short time in silence, "whether the men who begin a great work really feel from the first the magnitude of what they are undertaking, or whether they only go on, simply doing what presents itself, and then are surprised, as we are, to see to what it has grown."

"It depends on what the work is," said Mr. Morley, who was more inclined to draw out his companion than to talk himself.

"I was thinking of Dr. Oncken, and also of the beginning of any important religious work that might be started by a minister of Christ," replied Mary.

"Does any minister of Christ *start* an important work, or perhaps I ought to say, can he do any thing that is not important work, if he follows his calling?" remarked Mr. Morley, as she paused.

"Well, in some of the quiet towns and villages at home, there does not seem to be much important work to do. Now here papà is so thoroughly roused and interested because he sees the hard work that it is to fight against the superstition and the tyrannical habits of these old countries; but I have heard people say that the theological students at home have rather easy work and no great ambition." She flushed a little

as she spoke ; for she did not care to repeat exactly her father's views, and had hastily substituted "people" in her sentence.

"That depends on what is meant by ambition," said Mr. Morley. "If a man is ambitious to make money (as we business men are)," he interpolated with a slight smile, "that is pretty plainly seen ; and if he is ambitious to make himself a name, that shows too ; but if his only ambition is to do the will of him who sent him to a certain field, that is another matter. He may be given work like Dr. Oncken's, that can be seen to be important ; or he may be put to some little church in free America that grows placidly, and does its work quietly, and nobody outside its immediate circle stops to ask whether its pastor's name is John Smith or James Jones. Still it is just the multitude of those little churches that make the prosperity of our people in America."

"Ah, I see, the man should be content to be lost in his work," said Mary, with kindling light in her eyes. "That is the noblest way to look at it, and it is a noble work."

"Indeed it is," replied Mr. Morley, gravely. Something seemed to be on his mind, and he was silent for a short time ; then he suddenly added, in brighter tones :

"I don't mean that a man should allow himself to

become completely shut up in a narrow sphere. He must remember that his sympathy and love must extend all over the world, and not be locked up in his own church."

"I don't see how a fellow is going to begin that," broke in Harry, who had been walking near enough to catch these words. "I could not love or hate everybody in Riverton; and however could anybody take in all the world?"

"You think like Macaulay," said Mary, mischievously. "He made great fun of the Duchess of York's cemetery for dogs, and said he could not imagine how one could entertain enough affection to go around among sixty-four people; let alone sixty-four dogs."

"Yes, I remember that," said Mr. Morley, smiling; "but there was at one time a Scotchman, who, if he were only living, might help us to an answer to that question; for, if I remember rightly, he had fifty-nine children—only five less than the number Macaulay placed as the limit. It would be interesting, if not decisive, to know just how he found his stock of affection hold out in dividing it among so many."

"But seriously," he added, "do you think that love is a limited quantity, Harry?"

"I think he refers to human love," said Mary. "Of course Harry was not speaking of the divine love, which we are told 'passeth knowledge.'"

“Oh, no! I was talking about myself,” put in Harry, bluntly; “and I don’t see how I am to love people I don’t know about, or whom I have forgotten, if I ever did know them.”

“That is just it,” said Mr. Morley, “and that is why I think the command ‘that ye love one another’ carries with it by implication the command, to know about one another, and not to forget.”

“It will give us plenty to do,” remarked Harry.

“Indeed it does,” replied Mr. Morley; “and in these days when so much is written about travels and missionary work, and such interesting books too, it seems wonderful how many people there are, who do not take any special interest in foreign mission fields and the work done in them.”

“It seems to me,” said Miss Meyer, who had been walking along silently, listening to the conversation, “that it is the duty of every one who knows about any field from actual experience to speak of it to others, and thus try to awaken interest. I think that Miss Ashmead is doing that to some degree already. Did you not say,” she added, turning to Mary, “that you had written to some of your friends at home about the needs and difficulties of the work here in Germany?”

“Indeed I have,” replied Mary, “and I hope to write and speak yet more on the subject. Several of

my friends expect to come abroad next summer, and I shall do all I can to induce them to spend some time in Hamburg and other places where there are Baptist churches, both for their own sake and for the sake of our Baptist friends here."

Mr. Morley was on the point of saying more about the urgent need of strongly supporting those missions that are already well founded, especially when, as is the case with those in Germany and Sweden, they form a powerful vantage ground from which to reach the neighboring countries; but at this allusion to Mary's friends he again glanced at her rather keenly, and then became silent and thoughtful.

The grand tower of the Michaelis Church was already looming up before them, and the conversation was turned into an entirely different channel, as Miss Meyer called their attention to the fact that they were standing before the little two-story brown house in which Mendelssohn was born. There was nothing particularly to distinguish it from the surrounding houses, except the medallion of the tone poet over the door, bearing the inscription, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, geboren, 1809."

Mary would gladly have entered the building, but it was already so late that Mr. Morley was afraid they might miss the chants; and Harry had set his heart upon hearing and seeing this performance. They

hastened across the wide open space surrounding the church and knocked at the door of the sexton's house, almost opposite the great tower.

When this individual, who was just taking his supper, appeared, he listened to their wishes with great gravity; and, mindful of the remainder of his repast, tried to persuade them to come next day.

Mr. Morley explained that Harry particularly wished to see the man go through his task of playing the chants.

"But it is nothing so extraordinary," said the man, in German, "*Es ist kein grosses Concert.*"

"Kind of a grocer's concert!" said Harry, with hardly repressed astonishment. "What does he mean?" For the man did not speak distinctly.

"Hush, Harry," said Mary, who wanted to hear the rest of the conversation. "He didn't say grocer's. I mean he only said, 'it was no great concert.'"

"Well, if you will start up, I will follow in a few moments," said the sexton, who saw nothing for it but to let his supper wait. So saying, he unlocked the church door with a huge key, and then went back to get his overcoat.

Our party climbed steadily up the huge broad wooden staircases, only stopping to rest now and then on one of the benches conveniently placed in the deep window recesses. They had ascended about half-way

when they could hear the sound of talking going on above them; and, echoing from far down below, came the heavy footsteps of the guide who was following them, not without a good deal of grumbling at the unseasonableness of the hour. It was nine o'clock; and these people were the first who, within his recollection, had ever made the ascent of the tower with the avowed object of hearing those monotonous chants. It was certainly surprising.

The broad landing to which they soon came was lighted on three sides by three small windows, while on the fourth side were situated one or two little rooms, occupied by the officer of the Fire Department.

They had just time to take a glimpse at the beautiful scene spread out before them—the distant stretches of river showing dimly by the light caught from the evening sky, the surrounding fertile country, the sparkling circle of lights marking the outlines of the great city, and over all the vast expanse of the heavens, steadily darkening, yet still too light to show the brightening stars—when looking round they saw the door from which the sound had been heard thrust open, and a young man come out, holding in his hand an old-fashioned brass instrument. He was proceeding straight towards the western window when, seeing the strangers, he stopped and bowed. He evidently had not expected an audience at such close quarters.

A large enough audience he was no doubt prepared for, but then it was far away below.

After a moment's pause he stepped to the window, and throwing open the sash, played a slow German choral once through. This was repeated after a brief interval at the windows on the south and on the east.

"I should think it would be any thing but pleasant on a stormy day to stand before those open windows long enough to play that chant," said Mary.

"But you see he is provided against such emergencies," said Mr. Morley, pointing to a single small pane which was neatly hung on hinges, so that it could be opened without opening the rest of the window.

The young man told the last speaker, that it was sometimes very trying to the health of his father, who often grumbled at having to climb up there, getting over-heated on the way, and then risking becoming chilled by the blast.

"I should think he would give it up. What is the use of it?" asked Mr. Morley.

"Oh, they cannot give it up; the house depends on it," said Miss Meyer.

"We get the house free, according to the provisions of the will of an eccentric old inhabitant," said the young man. "My father is not obliged always to come here himself. If he is ill, or absent,

as at present, I take his place; but I'm not much of a musician. You ought to hear him play this trumpet." After a pause, "Yes, it is pretty old," he added, as the visitors crowded around to look at the tarnished old horn, with its old-fashioned keys; "it's the same one, the first tune was played on, a hundred years ago; yes, and the tunes are the same old tunes."

"They do not think it wise, I suppose, to put new tunes in old instruments," said Mary.

After playing again at the east window, the young man said "good evening," and departed; the whole performance having taken not more than twenty minutes, and our party set out on their homeward way, after taking one more glance at the enchanting view.

"You remember the great fire that occurred here in 1842?" inquired Miss Meyer, of Mary.

"Yes, I have often read the accounts of it when I have little thought that I should ever see the very spot where it occurred. One would hardly think, when looking at the beautiful town now, that it had ever witnessed such a conflagration."

"No; the people were very active in rebuilding; not of course so prompt as your people in the marvelous springing forth of Chicago from its ashes; yet the Hamburgers have shown a good deal of enterprise."

"That is very evident."

"They not only repaired the damage done, and built new houses; but they made the conflagration itself useful. Do you see those houses far over in that direction? Well, that is the suburb of Hammerburg. It was formerly a piece of swamp; but the entire surface over a mile square was raised four or five feet by rubbish from the great fire."

"Thus they did," said Mr. Morley, "what every one ought to try to do—trample calamities under foot, and build on them better and stronger for the future."

They had now reached Mr. Meyer's house, and on entering they found, to their surprise, that Mr. and Mrs. Ashmead were awaiting them.

"My head was so much better that I thought the walk would do me good," said Mrs. Ashmead, in answer to her daughter's inquiries.

"Mrs. Ashmead is not used to our long twilights, and I think she became a little anxious that you had not returned when she heard the clock strike nine," remarked Mrs. Meyer, pleasantly.

"Indeed I cannot realize that it is so late," exclaimed Mary. "We ought not to keep you up late, mamma."

"As I have slept nearly all morning, I hardly need rest now," replied Mrs. Ashmead, smiling; "and your father is evidently very much interested in his conversation."

Mr. Meyer and Mr. Ashmead were deep in a discussion of the pressing needs of the Theological School; but the latter now turned to the young people.

"You have not seen the place," he said to his daughter; "you would really be surprised to see what it is like. I never thought the Theological Seminary at Riverside was anything extraordinary; but it is a perfect palace compared to this. The dormitories are all crowded together on the third floor right under the roof, looking more like prisoners' cells than anything else I can think of. But notwithstanding these disadvantages the students study very well, and are making, I am told, great and very satisfactory progress."

"I am very glad they do that," added Mr. Meyer; "for there is little in those narrow, cramped quarters to draw their minds away from their proper work. The only fear I have felt was, that their discomforts might make them go limping slowly along.

"It is truly astonishing," added Mr. Ashmead, turning to his wife, who was busy inspecting the sewing which little Anna Meyer had brought home, completed from the school, "it is truly astonishing what a difference there is in the conditions under which our people live in this country, and those which surround them in our more favored land. I wonder what Mr. Gifford would think of being obliged to contend with

such hardships as these students meet with in pursuing their studies?"

Mrs. Ashmead looked up surprised. Could she believe her ears? Had her husband really mentioned the name of the young candidate for the ministry who had been the unconscious cause of their present travels abroad?

Mr. Ashmead, too, was somewhat surprised at his own utterance. Had it slipped out unawares, or was it only the natural mellowing influence of distance which induces in travelers a more kindly and charitable feeling towards those in any way associated with home memories, as the sound of clanging bells becomes, when far away, more tolerable to the ear? Mr. Ashmead could not tell. Indeed, he did not trouble himself to ask. But he did glance hastily at Mary.

She was just then busily praising the extreme neatness of a specimen of hemming that little Anna Meyer had brought proudly to display to her. Each stitch ran exactly on the same side of the same thread of the fabric throughout the whole length of the seam, and Mary warmly gave the well merited praise.

"A young theological student, I presume?" said Mr. Morley, who had been listening attentively, and who did not fail to notice this slight but noticeable hitch in the conversation.

“One whom we have seen something of, partly on account of an acquaintance that formerly existed between Mr. Ashmead and the young man’s father,” said Mrs. Ashmead, hardly knowing what to say ; yet, since she was obliged to say something, evidently determined to make it as colorless as possible.

Mr. Morley, however, fastening on the fact of the old-time friendship, and not doubting that it would prove agreeable, replied :

“And I have no doubt you will never regret the acquaintance. I know of no class of men in every way more worthy of regard than those who are studying for the ministry, with the purpose of devoting their lives to that most noble of all callings.”

Mary stooped over the child’s sewing, on which were eight different kinds of stitch, and seemed to be examining it yet more closely. It may have been, however, chiefly to hide a look of pleasure which swept over her face at these earnest and heartily spoken words.

The conversation having become more general, Mr. Ashmead had time to notice the hour, and they all rose to take their leave. He had, however, become thoroughly interested in the matter of securing a desirable piece of ground, and providing suitable buildings for the accommodation of the many students who would fain enter on a course of theological study,

but are debarred from this great advantage by the utter inadequacy of the provisions for this purpose.

The next day was spent in a pleasant excursion to Wandsbeck, the hamlet made celebrated by the genius of the poet, Matthias Claudius. Starting from the pleasant little suburb of Hamm, they followed the road leading northward, under a long, straight avenue of noble linden trees, until after a ten minutes' walk the road turned abruptly to the right, and led down one of the streets of Wandsbeck. It was shaded by grand old trees, whose massive and often picturesquely gnarled trunks terminated in almost equally dense and massive crowns of foliage, rendering the walk below cool and pleasant, even during the heats of midsummer. Here and there some old lady might be seen sitting in the open garden, with a table at her side holding newspapers or work, and in the little glass porticoes tables were spread for a late breakfast. At the end of this street they turned into the Goethe Street, and soon afterwards entered a magnificent forest of beech trees. Following a foot-path leading to the left, they found themselves standing before a massive, simple block of brownish red-stone, surrounded and guarded by a single chain, and completely covered, except on the upper half of the front face, by a beautiful growth of ivy.

The upper part of the stone is polished, and bears

cut upon its surface the outlines of a knapsack, and a traveler's staff and hat. Underneath are the words, "Matthias Claudius," and at the lower right hand corner, by pushing the ivy partly aside, one could read the date, "1840," the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet.

"Where was he born?" asked Harry, "and what was there remarkable about him?"

"He was born at Reinsfeld, in Holstein, not far from Lübeck," replied Mr. Morley. "He was one of the noted literary characters in Germany in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was the editor of the weekly journal, *The Wandsbecker Bote*, a paper which was started with high hopes, but which, notwithstanding the support and contributions of such men as Goethe and Herder, was not a success."

"I thought that he was a poet," remarked Mary.

"Yes," replied Mr. Morley; "and he is, perhaps, best known to the world at large through some of his most popular poems; but, to my mind, nothing can give him such a claim to distinction as the fact that he was one of the few men who, in the days of Lessing, Goethe, and others well known to literary fame, withstood the rationalistic tendency of the time, and held firm Biblical ground. His poems are full of a simple and homely grace. Herder, who esteemed him the purest and best of men, said: 'They

strike certain silver chords of the heart, which others seldom are able to do as he does.’ ”

“That is high praise from Herder,” said Mr. Ashmead. “Claudius must have been a man of true worth.”

“I think you will be the more convinced of that the more you study his character,” replied Mr. Morley. “His philosophy was of the right sort. He made the best of everything. He used to say : ‘The great and the much is not everything ; if people only could understand that, there would be a good deal less of “alack ” and “alas ” in the world.’ ”

“That is just as true and just as wise a word to-day as it was a hundred years ago,” said Mr. Ashmead. “I must read the works of this poet.”

“I am sure you will be interested,” replied Mr. Morley.

During this conversation, they had been continuing their walk at a leisurely pace, and now they turned their faces homeward.¹

¹ It is now two years since the visit to Wandsbeck here recorded, and tidings comes that ground has been secured there for the erection of the German Theological Seminary, as soon as means can be raised.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

SORROW AND DISAPPOINTMENT FOR HARTLEY GIFFORD.

THE death of Mr. Gifford's father made an unexpected change in the young man's prospects. The old man himself was wedded to his old ways, and to the farm on which he had lived all his life. Hartley knew that the farm was mortgaged, and not very productive. He had therefore quietly accepted the prospect of working his own way in the world, never imagining that the farm would do much more than keep his father and mother in comfort during their lifetime. Now at his father's death his only anxiety was lest his mother should be left insufficiently provided for.

"You will come with me, mother," he said, when the first shock of bereavement was over, and they had time to turn their thoughts to the future. "You will be the mistress of the 'manse' as soon as I am settled."

"No, no, my boy," replied his mother, with more tenderness than she usually allowed herself to show. "You will be looking for a younger mistress for your house. I notice that you wrote pretty often about

that young girl at Riverton; and it don't stand to reason that young folks shouldn't think of getting married."

Hartley Gifford's color changed, and for a moment he caught his breath. He had occasionally mentioned Miss Ashmead's name in his letters, and in the day-dream that he had indulged so short a time before he had thought with pleasure that his parents knew of her, and that it would not be like telling them of an entire stranger when he told them the news that he had hoped to bring home with him. He certainly had not imagined that they would guess at this day-dream themselves; for he had forgotten how each little item in his letters was thought over and magnified in their quiet humdrum life, so that the simple mention of Miss Ashmead's name was enough to set them planning and conjecturing.

"Indeed, mother, you are mistaken," he said, after a short pause to collect his thoughts. "I am not thinking of marrying; I am only thinking of you. You remember I wrote about the church at Overbury wanting me. It is a very small salary; but if you would not mind a new place and new people, I would do all I could to make you comfortable there."

"You are a good boy, Hartley, a good boy," replied his mother, stroking his hand; "still it don't stand to reason that young folks shouldn't marry. It

is a small salary at Overbury, is it? Well, we will see about that; we will see,"—and then she turned to look out of the window, and Hartley, whose brow had contracted painfully at the renewed allusion to his marriage, said no more.

The next day, however, Mrs. Gifford of her own accord renewed the conversation.

"I've been thinking over what you said, Hartley," she remarked quietly, "and I was thinking if you have no better chance than that church at Overbury, may be you would like to take hold of the farm for a while. It has been paying pretty well of late; and then it isn't so big to manage; for land went up about here after the new railroad came through, and we sold off enough to pay the mortgage, and there was some left over to put by too. Your father always said to sell the rest when he was gone, and to divide between you and me; but if you like to stay on here, there's no hurry to sell. I could stay here till you get married, then I would go over to sister Mary Ann."

"My dear mother, pray do not think of any such arrangement," interrupted Hartley. "Your comfort is the first thing to be considered."

"Oh, I should be very comfortable with Mary Ann. She was saying to me that she was lonely now her eldest girl is married; and your father always took comfort in the thought that Mary Ann

and I got on so well together, and that whatever happened to him, there would be no call for me to go off among strangers." Mrs. Gifford wiped away a tear, but she did not give way to any great show of grief, and she quickly continued: "Of course, I should pay board-money, and that would be a help to Mary Ann; and there would be no sense in two lone women keeping up two houses, unless I was going to keep a home ready for you, when you would marry."

There was something in his mother's quiet persistence, in the idea of his marriage, which touched, rather than irritated, Hartley. It evidently arose from a simple and earnest conviction, that she was planning for his happiness.

"You needn't be troubled about the money," she said, after a pause; "your father and I were not spending folks. It was'nt our way; and then for you, father thought that a young fellow oughtn't to need more money than would take him decently through college, while he was at his studies; so he just put it by for you against your marriage. We always meant it for you. So you see, you needn't worry about the small salary at Overbury, if that is what is standing in your way."

"You were both thinking always of me, and now it is my turn to think of you, and to care for you,"

cried Hartley, even forgetting Mary Ashmead for the moment in the rush of gratitude and affection towards his quiet, loving parents.

Mrs. Gifford only smiled a little, and then her face resumed its expression of quiet resignation ; and, remarking that the lawyer could better explain all the money matters to him, she set about preparing tea.

That night Hartley Gifford spent in very anxious thought. Fancy painted to him the old farm-house made dainty and pretty for a charming young mistress. If the farm was making money, why should not he keep it ? And would not Mr. and Mrs. Ashmead look upon him with more favor, if they knew that he had already a settled home and income to offer to their daughter ? Then came the thought of his work. Should he lay down his weapons, and unbuckle his armor, just as he had finished girding himself for the conflict ? He strove to persuade himself that his duty to his mother called him from the path which he had chosen ; but conscience would not be persuaded. If his mother were left penniless, it might have been his duty first to work for her support ; but now she was left amply provided for, and the home with her widowed sister and her children would, he well knew, be more to his mother's taste, than all the dainty refinements that he was planning for Mary Ashmead. The words, "Go ye

into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," rang in his ears; and, strive as he might, conscience told him that he was simply trying to make excuses to himself for shirking a duty which he felt stood between him and the woman he longed to win.

"I must give her up," was his resolve at last, after a long and painful struggle. "My work is to do the will of him that sent me; and his will is that I should preach the gospel wherever he gives me opportunity."

It was with this determination that Hartley Gifford met his mother the following morning; and, although she was naturally reticent and slow to express any opinion, she replied without any hesitation when he told her his resolution:

"I think you are right not to give up your own work. Your father never meant that you should. If it had been anything else that you had taken a turn for, he would have felt it very hard that the old farm would have to be sold when he was gone; but, somehow, with your studying for the ministry, he never looked at it that way."

While they were talking, there was a knock at the door, and Hartley rose to admit a young man, whom he recognized as the son of Dr. Simpson, the family physician. This young man had been a school-mate of Hartley's boyhood; but he had gone to a different

college, and Hartley had seen little of him of late years. He was, therefore, specially pleased with this mark of friendly remembrance, and in a little while the two had drifted into interested talk concerning their professions and their future plans. Young Simpson had studied medicine, and looked forward to taking up his father's practice; but he was not too much wrapped up in his own profession to enter with hearty interest into Hartley's plans, and he strongly approved his friend's determination to follow out his chosen work.

"I know something of Overbury, and you must not expect to find it easy work," he remarked; "but I don't believe that you are one of those fellows who want to wait for easy work. However, just to put a little courage in you, if you should be disheartened when you go there, listen to this account in a letter I got this morning. It is from a German fellow, who was over here studying medicine. We were both Baptists, and we were both pretty enthusiastic over our profession. So he and I chummed together a good deal."

He drew from his pocket a letter bearing the Hamburg postmark, and began reading aloud a part of it, describing the efforts of the Baptists in Germany, and the difficulties with which the theological students had to contend.

In fact, it is needless to copy the letter, as it contained a short account of what the Ashmead family had just been seeing and hearing. One passage, however, particularly aroused Hartley Gifford's attention.

Young Simpson turned over a page, with the remark :

"Oh, this is only about some people he has met there ; but listen to this. Does'nt it sound like the dark ages?" And he continued reading.

"We have had an instance recently of the intolerant spirit of the State Church in the case of a boy employed by a baker a few blocks from our house. The boy had been brought up a Lutheran ; but not long ago he was baptized. As soon as this was known by his Lutheran master, he dismissed the boy ; and not only this, but the one who had invited the boy to attend our worship was also dismissed by his master. Mr. Morley was very indignant, and so was Miss Ashmead. Indeed you Americans find it hard to understand such a state of affairs ; and I own it seems strange to me after being so long in your free country."

"Mr. Morley. Who is he ? asked Hartley, abruptly.

"Oh, he is one of the Americans. I forgot I skipped that," said the young man. "A Mr. Ashmead and his wife and daughter and son are over

there for the summer. In fact, Meyer gets quite enthusiastic about this charming young lady ; but as he winds up by telling me that she is either engaged or going to be engaged to this Mr. Morley, I hope he will have sense enough not to lose his heart. I don't wonder that all that State Church business looks bad to American eyes. I couldn't stand it for a day. I should want to get away."

"But we must not always run away from what we do not like," Hartley forced himself to say, as Simpson paused for some comment.

"That's true. They need helpers rather than deserters," replied Simpson. "If I get a chance to go abroad next year, I'm going straight to Hamburg, if it is for nothing but to give the Baptists there a hearty shake of the hands, and to let people see that they have friends in America, even if they have not many at home."

"What part of America are these people from?" asked Mrs. Gifford, who had hitherto sat silently by the window, sewing.

"Carl Meyer does not say," replied Simpson, referring again to the letter ; "he only says that they are going on to Sweden. Have you met this Mr. Morley, Hartley?"

"No," replied his friend, thankful that the question did not refer to the Ashmeads. Then, anxious to

conceal from Simpson any signs of the perturbation that this news had caused him to feel, he began to speak of the prospects of the Baptist churches in the old world.

“Why don’t you go over there and have a look at them yourself?” asked Simpson, as he rose to go. “I would if I were you. A man can always do so much more good when he has seen for himself, and thoroughly understands the state of affairs.”

Hartley only shook his head with rather a forced smile, and his friend departed.

Mrs. Gifford had resumed her sewing, and Hartley was fidgeting with the gilt ornaments on the mantel-piece when his mother’s voice asked, with a scarcely perceptible quiver in its quiet tones :

“Hartley, did you ask any girl to marry you, and she wouldn’t? You needn’t tell me if you don’t want to ; but I thought may-be it was that, and not money troubles, that set you against marrying.”

“No, no, mother,” he answered, hastily. “I never proposed, and I don’t think I ever shall. A man must attend to his work first.”

He tried to speak with cheerful indifference, but his mother answered :

“You know your own affairs best, I suppose ; but it stands to reason that young folks should marry ; and I don’t hold with these notions of never asking

for what you want. It does to make stories, but it makes mighty poor living. A man isn't meant to get good things without asking for them ; and if he is to get a 'no,' I guess he was meant to be able to take the 'no'; or else the Almighty would have arranged it that the women are to do the proposing."

Her speech was quiet and slow as usual, and she did not seem to expect any answer ; for she put away her thimble and thread, and went out to see about dinner.

CHAPTER X.

THE ASHMEADS IN COPENHAGEN.

ARE they not something like the Salvation Army, sir?"

The speaker was the portier of a large hotel in Copenhagen, and his question was addressed to Mr. Morley, who, with the aid of a huge directory, was trying to find out the whereabouts of the Baptist Church.

The portier, no doubt, thought it was very remarkable that an individual, apparently so respectable as Mr. Morley, should be troubling himself so much to find out about a congregation, of which he himself knew little but the name,—not that he knew or cared very much more about any other creed. He was a comfortable, plump-looking individual, who imparted to the visitor confidentially that he went to church one Sunday, and his wife went the next; and if she forgot that it was his turn, and went twice in succession, he did not mind it one bit.

Mr. Morley enlightened his questioner on the difference between the Baptists and the Salvation Army.

"Oh, I didn't know, sir," replied the man. "I

only know that we had an awful lot of trouble with the Salvationists. They were here, and we had to turn them out, they made such a noise and riot; and I thought may-be the Baptists preached the same way, and shouted and swung their arms about."

"No," said Mr. Morley, hardly able to repress a smile; "those are not our methods."

He turned again to the directory and continued his search, and at length succeeded in finding the address which had, rather misleadingly, been entered under the head of "Kristus Kapellet." He gave a cordial invitation to the man to come there, and hear for himself, so that in future he might be able to speak from experience of the character of the services.

It happened that just at this moment a gentleman came in to speak to Mr. Morley; on something connected with the business for which the latter was traveling. The portier stood by, apparently looking over the books; but in reality drinking in every word with great curiosity. After Mr. Morley's friend had gone there was a marked difference, or shall we say deference, in the manner and tone of the portier. For was not the gentleman who had just departed a very well-known and highly respected municipal officer? These Baptists must be something better and more important than he had imagined! He had thought they were merely an eccentric, hair-brained commu-

nity; yet here was a well-known official talking on most friendly terms with one who avowed himself a Baptist; and even asking his advice. And the gentleman seemed very respectable; and did he not say that there were two and a half millions of Baptists in America? That was a large number.

He mused over these things, and they seemed to him so strange, that he afterwards spoke of them to his wife. Her interest and curiosity were much excited, and one Sunday, not long after our travelers had left Copenhagen, the good woman attended the services at the Baptist Church. She was so much struck by the tone of the sermon, the deep personal interest manifested, the feeling of Christian brotherhood apparent among the members of the community, that she came again; for she was no longer satisfied with the lifeless and formal services at which she had been hitherto an irregular and uninterested attendant. Her account of what she saw and heard at the "Kris-tus Kapellet" induced her husband to go there also. The word of God touched their hearts, and as they studied that word with the desire to take it for their guide, their duty in regard to baptism became clear and plain to them. They were baptized, and united themselves to the hitherto despised body of believers. Not long after, however, they took the step which is taken by so many of the best and most earnest workers

in the Baptist churches of those older countries—they left for America.

Do American Baptists realize how steadily this movement is going on? And do they render a fitting return for the strength that is thus withdrawn from these communities and transferred to swell the ranks of their own churches, and to contribute to the general prosperity of their own country?

The following day was Sunday, and the Ashmeads, with Mr. Morley, took their way out through the long and handsome Gothens Gate across the Norrebro to the Baggesens Gade, where is situated the Kristus Kapellet. This is one of the neatest and most comfortable places of worship possessed by the Baptists on the Continent.

The visitors were impressed very favorably by the devout and serious manner of the worshipers. The congregation was remarkably attentive; but after the service had closed cordial greetings were interchanged on all sides; and the little groups gathered here and there reminded our travelers of the custom of many an American country congregation, more than anything they had yet seen in Europe.

There was nothing distinctly national in the external appearance of the people, unless one might perhaps except one or two women who wore the striking white head-dress peculiar to the fisherwomen; and they

noticed also a certain universal plainness, almost sombreness, of attire, such as is rarely met with even in the poorest of the churches in our native land. This plainness seems to be characteristic of the non-conforming churches on the Continent, and it is apparent as much in the dress and manners of the people, as in the edifices in which they worship. To a stranger this at first appears as if it were carried to an almost unnecessary extreme. But a little reflection will show that it arises, in the first place, from a spirit somewhat like that of the ancient Puritans, seeking to protest against the vain display and senseless extravagance of the State Churches ; in the second place, from the lack among many of the members of any desire, or taste, for anything approaching to luxury ; and in the third place, from the fact, that when enough money has been obtained to build a chapel, there is but little left to expend for purposes of ornamentation.

“ In Denmark,” said an intelligent member of the church to Mr. Morley, “ it is often difficult enough to get the people to give sufficient to support the pastor. Many of them have that old-fashioned and false idea that a preacher need not study ; that the more he studies the less he is fitted to preach ; and, therefore, as he has no sermons to prepare, that he ought to busy himself with some trade or profitable occupation, whereby he may earn his own living.”

"But such an idea is destructive to any advance or progress," said Mr. Morley.

"Very true," rejoined his friend. "It is very prevalent, nevertheless, especially in the country regions; and it is one of the greatest difficulties against which we have to contend."

"Another difficulty, I should imagine," said Mr. Morley, "must arise from the prevailing desecration of the Lord's Day."

"It is only too true," was the reply. "I believe that the manner in which the Lord's Day is kept, or rather is not kept, is largely responsible for the low spiritual condition of this and other Continental lands."

Mr. Ashmead, who was standing near, had been looking over the hymn-book which had been used during divine service and, pointing to the name of the editor, Julius Köbner, he asked Mr. Morley if Köbner had not lived for some time in Copenhagen.

"Yes, yes," replied the Danish gentleman; "and if you will walk with me a short distance, I will show you the house in which he spent seven years, and where he wrote his grand poem, 'Das Lied von Gott.'"

They accepted at once this invitation, and Harry and Mary were much pleased when the gentleman promised also to take them to the cemetery where was the grave of that genial prose poet, Hans Christian

Andersen, the charmer alike of children and of grown people. Both of the young folks had too often come under the spell of Andersen's wondrous fairy tales, and "The Picture Book Without Pictures," not to feel a lively interest in looking on the last earthly resting place of this loved and famous author.

Mr. K  bner's house was in the same district as the chapel ; and the rooms were courteously shown to the Ashmeads by the party who occupied the house—a member of the Baptist Church. After visiting it, climbing up the little narrow stair-case and inspecting the rooms with their old-fashioned furniture, the party proceeded to the cemetery—*Assistens-Kirkegaard*. Passing up the long, well-kept gravel walk, they came first to a plot containing a monument to Rasmus Christian Rask, the great Danish philologist. It bears the inscription :

"We owe every service to the Fatherland."

Here also was the grave of Prof. Johann Keller. The monument bore the inscription :

"He laid words on the lips of the deaf and dumb, and let light into darkened minds."

Proceeding down one of the side-walks, Harry's attention was attracted by the sight of a grave-stone with the very unusual adjunct of a pump standing close behind it.

"That," exclaimed their guide, "is the tomb of a

rich Jew, who had a great dread of water. He left an enormous sum to his wife on condition that not a drop of water should ever penetrate into his grave. This was very hard to accomplish ; but, as you see, the construction is very solid. They have removed the body two or three times to make alterations ; they have set up this pump, and have spent much money and trouble. It would, therefore, be a great pity if they had not succeeded in securing the occupant against the moisture which was his special aversion."

Just at this moment, they noticed a funeral procession, which had entered the gates after they had, and which had now come to a stop before an open grave in the immediate vicinity. The attendants had gathered around in a sad and silent group, while the Lutheran priest, in his flowing gown and large, Elizabethan ruff, recited in solemn tones the service for the dead. They waited in respectful silence until the service was concluded, and then passed on towards the grave of Hans Christian Andersen. On the way, their guide told them that often, when one of the Baptist ministers had been conducting a funeral service, a Lutheran priest might have been seen watching closely the ceremony, to make sure whether only a prayer was offered, or whether the minister was making an address at the grave ; which latter was not allowed by the civil authorities.

Soon they came to the simple monument of red stone which they sought. It was about six or seven feet in height, bearing an inscription which may be thus translated: "Poet Hans Christian Andersen, born 2nd April, 1805; died 4th August, 1875," and the following sentences from his writings inscribed beneath:

"The soul that God has made in his likeness is immortal."

"Our life here is the seed of eternity."

"Our body dies, but our soul never dies."

"I can show you a house at the other end of the town, near the Kongens Nytorv, or King's New Market, where our poet at one time lived, and from whose windows, I have heard, he used to throw the letters he wished to mail, trusting that whoever picked them up would attend to their reaching their proper destination."

"That was a strange idea," said Mary. "I think I have read that he moved frequently, and that he chose very queer and dilapidated houses in which to take up his abode."

"Yes, that is true," replied Mr. Morley; "but this habit of moving, and his choice of uninviting neighborhoods really gave him unusually good opportunities for gathering material for his charming stories. Those who carefully study life in all its aspects are

the only ones who can pick out the hidden beauties and touches of nature, and thus, like Andersen, make their writings household words."

While thus talking they passed through a pretty little park, where they noticed the fine statue of Hans Christian Orsted, who by his discovery of electromagnetism paved the way for the telegraph as it exists to-day, binding together the thoughts of the ends of the earth, as the railways bind together their material interests.

The afternoon service had just begun as they re-entered the chapel, after having taken dinner at the house of their hospitable entertainers.

The voluntary on the organ was followed by singing from the "Trocus Stimme," the people remaining seated. The reading of the Scripture was listened to with reverent attention. This was followed by prayer and singing, and then came the sermon. This was not from a prescribed text, as is the custom in the State Church, but, as with us, from a text selected by the pastor because it contained the truth which he desired to instill into the minds of his hearers. The church is lighted by eight large windows. In the evening, gas is used. The heating is effected by two large stoves placed, as is usual, in Continental houses of worship, in the corners of the room just where they will be of least use, and run the greatest risk of

damaging the walls with which they are brought in such close contact. The seats were uncushioned, the floor bare.

The following afternoon, as Mr. Ashmead sat in their room watching his wife, who was busied with preparations for leaving on the next day, their conversation turned on this great simplicity of the houses of worship.

"I cannot help a somewhat dissatisfied feeling when I see the churches of our brethren here so very plain. It is such a contrast to our own comfortable and handsome places of worship," said Mr. Ashmead.

"That is true," replied his wife; "but I must say that my feeling is rather one of astonishment that, notwithstanding all the difficulties and all the persecutions which the Baptists here on the Continent have had to endure, they should have been able to secure such neat and comfortable buildings; especially as the majority of the members are evidently in real poverty."

"True, true," said Mr. Ashmead; "then one must look at it from another point of view. Do not we at home go perhaps too far in the luxuriousness and ornamentation of our churches? and would it not be possible to strike a happy medium, and thus to be able to give more for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in every land than we do at present?"

“Perhaps so,” replied Mrs. Ashmead. “I own I do love to see a handsome church, well fitted up ; but what I have seen and felt since we have been abroad has convinced me that we often think too much of the beauty and comfort of our own house of worship, and too little of those who have only the very plainest buildings, or perhaps none of any kind.”

At this moment Harry and Mary came in. They had been visiting the Charlottenburg, where was on exhibition the magnificent painting of “Christ before Pilate,” by Munkacsy.

“Oh, mamma, I wish that you had been with us,” exclaimed Mary. “It was perfectly wonderful. It is placed in a very peculiar way, which produces an admirable effect. It occupies the entire side of the room, and opposite to it is an immense mirror. The picture is extremely realistic. I mean the figure seemed, as one says, ready to step down from the canvas. When one turns around, the effect of the mirror reflecting at once the picture and the spectators, is truly wonderful.”

“I never saw anything like it,” interrupted Harry, with usual enthusiasm in the subject of pictures. “If it were not for the difference of dress, I could not have told, when I was looking at them in the mirror, which were the people in the room, and which were the people in the picture.”

“Did you not notice the expression of eagerness so admirably depicted on the faces of the Jewish Rabbis, as they await with breathless anxiety Pilate’s final decision?” said Mary.

“I think Pilate is one of the best figures in the picture,” said Harry. “Mr. Morley pointed out to me how he has his eyes bent on the ground and his arms folded, but not as if he had made up his mind and meant to stick to it. With the fingers of one hand he is tapping on the elbow of the other arm, or picking at his sleeve in a weak, uncertain sort of way, as if he wished he were well out of it all.”

“There is only one woman’s figure in the whole composition,” remarked Mary. “She stands near a pillar in the back-ground a little raised above the surrounding figures, and her face is so sad and beautiful. But the figure of Christ—ah! I cannot describe the impression it made on me. I wish you could see it.”

“I am afraid there is not much chance of that just now, as it has already been exhibited in Stockholm,” said Mr. Ashmead, “but I am glad you have seen it. Where did you leave Mr. Morley? I understood him to say that he would see you safely back to the hotel. Wouldn’t he come in?”

“No,” replied Harry; “he came with us as far as the corner of the street; but he said he had business to

attend to, and we could not lose our way after that ; so we did not bring him any farther. I wish you had seen a shop we passed, with little statuettes and old brass ornaments in the windows, while just below was a basement where a fine stock of butter, eggs, and poultry were displayed. Right under the statuette windows was the sign, ' H. Olmausen, Dealer in Antiquities ' ; but it did not say whether the antiquities were above or below. Mr. Morley said, if he were the poulterer, he would get an injunction to stop the other fellow from exhibiting such a suggestive sign directly over his spring chickens."

" Were you too busy making jokes to ask him whether he would meet us at the boat at six o'clock this evening ? " asked Mr. Ashmead, who was always amused at the way Harry mixed up the serious and the ludicrous in his sight-seeing.

" Oh, he is coming, of course," replied Harry. " I don't believe we did exactly ask him," he added, pausing to reflect for a moment ; " but, yes, of course he is coming with us ; for he didn't say good-bye ; and you know he said yesterday he meant to go to Sweden."

" I think he had just remembered, or just heard about something important," said Mary ; " for yesterday, when you said that you would not have time to take us to see this picture, he remarked that he was

quite at liberty ; but as we were coming back he looked at his watch, and seemed rather as though he had something on his mind."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Harry, "he was laughing and talking all the time. Why, just after he pulled out his watch he was pointing out to us that high sounding name over the barber's shop, 'Thorwaldsen Andersen.'"

"Yes, and Harry wanted to go in and have his hair cut, just for the sake of saying that Thorwaldsen Andersen had done it," remarked Mary, with a mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes.

"Well, it would only be for the sake of the name," retorted Harry. "I did get my hair cut the other day ; and the fellow had only ordinary arm-chairs in his shop ; and when he got done shaving a customer he just pointed across the shop to a basin with a jet of water playing in it, where the man might go and wash off the soap for himself ; the barber had done with him. Fancy an American barber doing his work in that careless style."

"And fancy an American barber shaving a man for two-and-a-half cents," replied his father. "That is all these men charge, and you cannot have everything at that price."

"My dear boy, never mind the barbers just now ; but tell me if you have anything in your room that

must go in this trunk before I lock it," said Mrs. Ashmead.

Harry, who was easily turned to something new, rushed off in a tremendous hurry to gather up his belongings, and Mary began to help her mother.

"I am sorry I did not ask Mr. Morley positively whether he was going with us," she said, as she folded a dress-skirt before carrying it to her mother. "I hope we shall see him again."

Mrs. Ashmead, who was kneeling before the trunk, glanced at her daughter with a slightly anxious pucker in her brow; but Mary did not see it, and Harry's return with a heterogeneous collection of articles effectually banished all thought of anything but the miseries of packing for the time, at least.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH THE GOTHAN CANAL.

THE longest day had but recently thrown its lingering shadows among the rocks and firs of Southern Sweden, when the steamer from Copenhagen came slowly into the dock one charming morning, at the thriving port of Gothenburg. On the vessel, preparing to step ashore among the other passengers, stood Mr. and Mrs. Ashmead, and Mary and Harry. The latter, struggling with a valise, a roll of rugs and umbrellas, and his own traveling satchel, had just found opportunity to ask Mary what hunter's implements he reminded her of, and to give the answer "bear-traps" all in one breath before he reached the narrow passage of the gangway, and began, with these traps sticking out in every direction a final struggle to get on shore, which he afterwards compared to the passage of a windmill through a forest.

"That sounds exactly like Harry," said Mary, laughing, as they took their place in the omnibus which was to take them to their hotel.

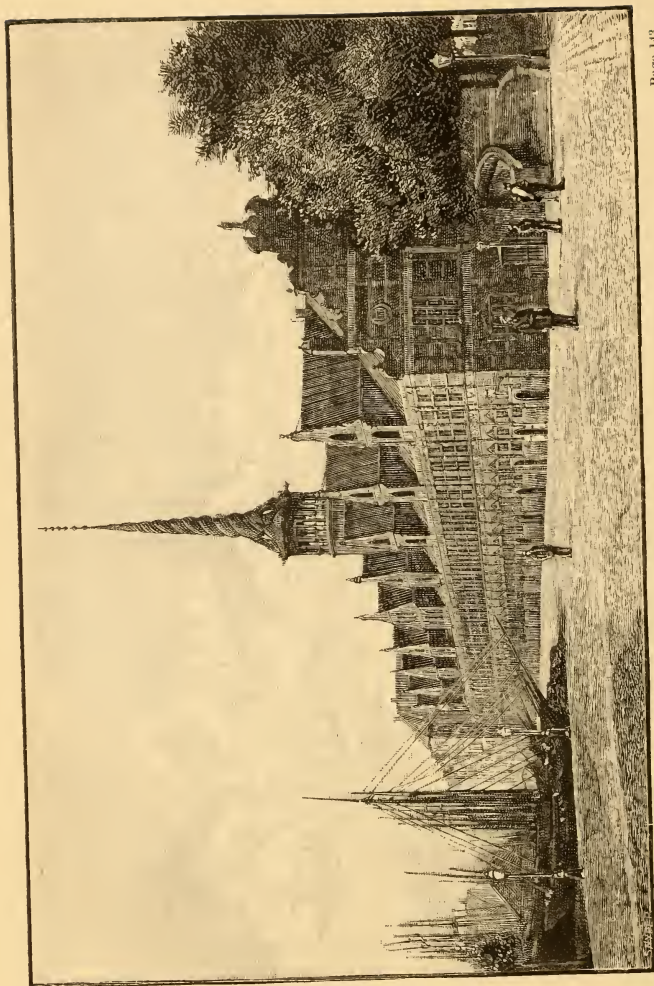
"I think that simile was good enough to be Mr.

Morley's," replied Harry. "It is too bad that he isn't here. I wonder what kept him."

"He must have missed the boat," said Mr. Ashmead, "for he would have come to say good-bye in the afternoon, if he had changed his mind about coming with us."

"May-be his business detained him," remarked Mary. "I thought he looked as if it was something important that he had to attend to when he left us."

All these surmises were only a repetition of similar ones that had been indulged in the evening before. The party had come on board the steamer in good time, and had secured their state-rooms. They had attempted to palm off their French and German on one or two of the officers, but with very indifferent success; and finally, not being able to extract anything in reply but Swedish and Danish from these individuals, they had been obliged to content themselves with admiring the view, criticising their fellow-passengers, and wondering what had delayed Mr. Morley. The last bell had rung; and, although Harry had several times thought he saw his friend approaching, each time it proved that he was mistaken. Loud were his regrets as they found themselves swinging out into the open channel without their friend on board. Mrs. Ashmead, however, seemed more absorbed in taking a last look at the unique tower of the church of "Our



Ashmeads.

THE BOURSE—COPENHAGEN.

Saviour" on the left, with its curious external spiral stair-case, and the no less remarkable steeple marking the site of the ancient Bourse, and composed of the intertwined tails of three dragons, whose bodies rested on the sloping roof.

Harry was not much impressed by these architectural curiosities ; but merely remarked that for a spire, a spiral stair-case seemed the most appropriate thing ; and when his sister tried to awaken his interest in the Bourse, by telling him that it was two hundred years old, he gave it as his opinion that "those crocodiles might have got their tails untwisted in that time."

Mr. Ashmead and Harry then walked up and down the length of the little vessel, while Mrs. Ashmead and Mary busied themselves in making sketches of the striking and picturesque scenery which they passed in rapid succession. In a little while Harry, who had been inspecting the dining-saloon, came back with the report that everybody was at supper.

"You never saw anything like the way they do it," he exclaimed. "Some are sitting down ; but the most of them are standing up and walking about, eating bits of sandwiches, and helping themselves from time to time from a side table, all spread out in the queerest way with little plates of bread, ham, tongue, sausage, cheese, and other things. I should like to go in and try what it is like to eat that way."

“Why, Harry, you only just now said that you had eaten so much at the hotel, that you never wanted to see a dinner-table again,” exclaimed Mary.

“Well, for my part, I am glad that we dined before coming on board,” said Mrs. Ashmead, “if that is the way in which they take their meals here.”

“Oh, look, there is the Skodborg, at the end of the Deer Park, where we went the other day; and see, now we are approaching Helsingor. Oh, that castle is beautiful!” cried Mary.

“You know the English name of the place, do you not, Mary?” said Mrs. Ashmead, quoting the lines:

By thy wild and stormy steep, Elsinore.

“Oh, yes!” replied Mary, “I know that very well; and is this really Elsinore? But it does not look steep at all.”

“No,” said Mrs. Ashmead. “Bayard Taylor was quite right in saying that the steepness existed altogether in the poet’s imagination.”

“This is the place, then, where Shakespeare makes the ghost of Hamlet’s father appear to the princes and soldiers,” added Mary. “Oh! I must make a sketch of it.”

“This is also where the Sound dues were so long levied,” remarked her father; “and opposite is Helsingborg, where Bernadotte landed in Sweden.”

The time slipped away rapidly in looking at the enchanting views, and in conversation; and it was not until they were well out in the Cattegat, with no land in sight, to the west of them, that Mr. Ashmead thought of looking at his watch. It was nearly ten o'clock; but the day was lingering so, that even at that late hour, Mary was reading by the waning light, thus giving Harry a chance, which he did not fail to improve, to repeat to her the caution often given to himself about straining the eyes. So he sang in her ear:

I know it is thrilling; but if you are wise,
You will shut up your book, as you're straining your eyes.

There were hardly any hours of darkness that night. The sky was clear, and the twilight lasted till nearly eleven o'clock; and soon after one o'clock, the first straight band of light was reflected across the water from the point where the sun was hastening at no great distance below the horizon to reach his place of rising. At one time a curious phenomena was visible; for the moon was shining low down in the eastern sky, throwing across the water, from the horizon to the side of the steamer, a broad path of golden light, which was here met by the paler path of light coming from the sun, the two lines making an angle of not more than thirty degrees, and exactly reversing the usual description; for here the moon-

light appeared warm and golden, compared to the first cold, silvery intimation of the light of day.

Under such unusual circumstances, and with the strange, wakeful condition which the prolonged light of this northern latitude is apt to produce on those who are not accustomed to it, it was hardly wonderful that our travelers did not secure more than a very few hours of sleep that night. They not only stayed on deck late, but they were up early in the morning, in order to enjoy to the full their first close view of the Swedish coast, with its great masses of rounded, grayish rocks, looking, as they lay against the horizon far off in the distance, like dense, soft clouds skirting the water's edge. Then there was a thick growth of evergreen trees; and, as they entered the mouth of the Gotha River, small patches of brilliant and delicate green appeared in the little, smiling valleys, showing where some skillful agriculturist's hand had taken advantage of a chance bit of soil to raise crops for his own use, and grass and hay for his cattle.

Gothenburg is one of the neatest and prettiest towns of its size that can be found in all Sweden. It boasts only a population of eighty thousand, but it is as beautifully and attractively laid out as if it had ten times that number. In the beauty and order of its parks, squares, drives, and public streets, can be seen the double effects of that system of restricting the

sale of liquor, which has made its name familiar all over the world; for the company to whom the monopoly of the spirit trade is granted by the authorities, is bound to pay over the whole of its profits to the city, after dividing a small dividend among the shareholders, thus providing funds for municipal improvement. And, at most of the shops, spirits can only be purchased by the bottle, thus giving few opportunities for dram drinking. Moreover, where alcoholic beverages are allowed to be sold by the glass, it is forbidden to serve a customer with a second glass until two hours have elapsed since he had the first; thus putting at least one potent barrier in the way of those inclined to excess.

As the boat left for Stockholm in an hour or two, it was necessary for our friends to make their excursions very brief. There were no very remarkable monuments or buildings, though the Exchange, Gustavus Adolphus' statue, and the Museum, attracted not undeserved attention. It was very evident how much the town owed of its prosperity to the lumber trade, from its numerous saw-mills, and the quantity of lumber piled and stacked up along the piers. One wharf—that from which they embarked on the snug little steamer, “Wadstena,” for their trip up the Gotha Canal to Stockholm—was literally covered with queer little two-wheeled vehicles, loaded down with planks,

laid so as to intersect at the axle, and thence extending forward on each side of the horse as far as the tip of the shafts, to which they were securely fastened.

After leaving a note for Mr. Morley at the hotel, and again vaguely and fruitlessly wondering what had become of him, Mr. Ashmead managed to get his party safely on board the "Wadstena," and the first few hours of the trip passed very pleasantly in watching the animated scenes of country life, as the little steamer glided swiftly and noiselessly along. Here was a huge castle, and presently they passed a church, with glistening white walls and steeple; here was a peasant cutting rushes to use in thatching his cottage, and there a group of merry children enjoying their summer holiday romping on the green banks.

At one little village, where there were two or three locks to pass, a number of little boys were standing on the bank. One of their number was a musician. He was not very big, and his violin was smaller yet; but he managed to get quite a lively strain of music out of it, and fiddled away persistently. As the water flowed from the lock above into the one beneath, so did the melody flow forth from the little instrument; and, as the boat gradually rose to a higher level, so rose the musical frenzy of the performer; and when the gates were thrown open, and the boat advanced into the next lock, the young musician threw open his

jacket, worked his bow-arm yet more vigorously, and kept pace with the progress of the boat by stepping briskly forward to the rattle of the pennies that were plentifully showered upon him by the amused and liberally inclined passengers. But the boy certainly paid more attention to getting the best music possible out of the diminutive instrument, than he did to securing the profits which were the outcome of his endeavors. Would there were more like him! He was attended by a crowd of boys whom he evidently trusted implicitly, though some of them were hardly worthy of this confidence.

“Just look at that fellow over there,” said Harry, who with Mary was standing on the bridge by special favor of the captain. “I saw him put his foot on that penny.”

Some one had thrown a penny, which had rolled away into the grass, and this particular youth had gone for the apparent purpose of searching for it, but had instead adroitly placed his foot on the coin, and then pretended to look about for it, at the same time carefully managing not to move the concealing foot, but keeping it fixed while he moved around on it as on a pivot.

Harry shook his finger at the young scamp, warningly; but the lad took no notice, and after a while, when he thought no one was looking, he stooped

down quickly, picked up the coin, and put it in his pocket, with very great haste.

"Ah," said Mr. Ashmead, when Harry told him about it, "that boy will turn out badly yet, if he does not change his ways. A little thing like that is very significant as to character."

As six o'clock approached—one could hardly say, as evening approached, since there were yet three or four hours of daylight in prospect—the boat turning aside, entered the first lock of the long series at Akversass, and most of the passengers stepped on shore to walk the mile or two which was the distance to the village of Trollhättan. By doing this it was possible to obtain fine views of the Falls, which the canal here avoids by taking a very different course, from which nothing can be seen of the Falls themselves.

Through a long, well kept, wide path, striking along the banks of the stream, and passing by the lock that was blasted in the rock before this route was abandoned in favor of the more direct one, our party took their way in the wake of a brisk little bare-footed boy who acted as guide. As the party could neither understand him nor make themselves understood, very little information could be gained from him; but this was a matter of the less consequence, since probably he had not much to impart.

In a quarter of an hour they caught sight of the first fall, which is not one of the finest, though it makes a fine impression as one turns suddenly a bend in the course of the river. Soon, however, they came to an elevated rocky point overhanging the river, whence there was a fine view of the Helvetes Falls; from here also the larger falls could be seen in the distance. Another short walk, and the passage of a narrow bridge thirty or forty feet in length, led them to a rocky island directly in the centre of the finest and largest falls. The situation here was fascinating; the rush of the waters, the sense of isolation, the spray constantly drifting across the place, and the narrowness of the gorge through which this mighty mass of water forced its way, all combining to exert a powerfully enchanting influence on the spectator. The place is well named Trollhättan (*magic hats*). Something of magic there surely is in such weird and wild spots, with their display of mighty forces and their wealth of grandly beauteous and awe-inspiring scenery.

The boat was now seen approaching the last lock, and all the company got on board again, and were soon steaming onward, towards the great Wenern Lake, past the old castle of Horningholm, and the lime works of Oaxen."

"How solidly the locks are built," said Mrs. Ashmead. "Bayard Taylor had good cause to be pro-

voked at the boy whose stupidity in awakening the wrong passenger caused him to miss all this sight."

"Yes," replied Mr. Ashmead; "I believe those who had charge of the work intended it to be a monument of their skill, which should last through the ages."

"When was the work done?" asked Harry.

"It was begun in 1793; but it was not finished till 1832," replied his father.

"Shall you be able to remember that, Harry?" asked Mrs. Ashmead.

"I don't know. I could remember it more easily, if I knew something else that happened at the same time."

"Well, you do, think a moment; what happened in 1793?"

"Oh, I know; the French Revolution."

"And the date 1832, said Mary, "always reminds me of Goethe, and Sir Walter Scott, who both died in that year."

By evening of the second day the great Lake Wenern, sixty-six miles wide, had been passed, and the neighboring Lake Wettern, and the Gotha Canal piercing its way through one of the most fertile parts of the country, had been seen and admired. Lake Viken, the highest point on the whole route, had been passed and now they were approaching Berg on Lake Roxen, and

instead of being raised up they were now lowered by each succeeding lock, gradually down to the level of the Baltic, which was reached at Mem. Then began the picturesque route along the coast. There are two routes here, one going inside of the *skärgård*, or chain of small coast islands, and the other keeping outside. The latter was taken, as the weather was fine and the wind favorable. Yet they kept close enough to these islands to have the enjoyment of some of the most charming scenery of the entire route, each island constantly changing its position with reference to the others and opening every moment fresh vistas, while the gneiss rocks and the forests of fir made pleasing contrasts of soft grey and dark green.

"It is beautiful, certainly," said Mr. Ashmead. "Taking the part traversed by the Canal proper and this part together, I should say that the route reminds me of a combination of the Ocklawaha River in Florida and the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence, or the Lake scenery of Northern Canada. The narrow canal, with its sharp turns and the trees along the banks, recall forcibly the passage of the Ocklawaha River. Indeed several times I have half expected that we should run ashore, and have to be shoved off with a pole."

"Some travelers have compared it to the Caledonian Canal in Scotland," said Mrs. Ashmead.

"The captain tells me that there are seventy-four of the locks altogether, and that the canal is free to ships of all nationalities."

"I wonder how many go through in the course of a year," said Harry.

"I think the number is something like four thousand."

"What did they want to build the route for?" asked Harry.

"The main object was no doubt to put Stockholm in direct communication with the North Sea, and to avoid the navigation and the dues of the Sound," replied his father. "Another object was to open a way for the lumber trade from the Gotha Elf and the Clara Elf down to Gothenberg."

"What a queer island that is," said Harry, soon after the steamer had left Södertelge, on the morning of the third day.

"Where?" said Mary. "Oh, yes I see, right in front. Why it looks exactly like a castle. I must sketch that."

"What castle is that one," asked Harry, peering over his sister's shoulder and pointing to a page of her drawing-book.

"That is the royal castle at Horningholm, from whose window John Baner, one of the great Swedish leaders in the Thirty Years' War, fell when he was a

little boy only eight years old. I have not sketched many castles, and I want to add this one to my stock, even if it is only made out of trees."

"You will have a chance to see plenty of castles and palaces at Stockholm and in the vicinity," said the captain, who had just come up and heard this last remark. "There is the 'Drottningholm,' or the Queen's Palace, and the Heimdahl Royal Palace up towards Upsala, besides the Royal Palace in Stockholm itself, and Gripsholm, to which the incapable Gustavus IV. retired after being compelled to abdicate."

Stockholm was originally nothing more than a small island lying in the Malaren Sea, and separated by a very narrow strip of water from the main land on either side. As time passed on, however, it spread over to the main land on both sides, north and south. On this original island, as in what is distinctively called the "City" in London, are situated most of the fine old buildings, and are also to be found the busiest streets and the largest commercial houses. Riddarsholm is a still smaller island, lying to the west and very close to Stockholm. On it is situated the Riddarholm Church, the oldest and most interesting church in the city. The tower of this edifice, with its unique iron tracery, like a fine piece of black lace, is the first thing to attract the attention of the traveler

approaching from the west; and very glad our travellers were to see it rising up before them, and to feel that now at last they had reached that wonderful city, the "Venice of the North," which was to be the farthest limit of their present trip, and where they felt sure a warm welcome would await them.

"Holm means island, and the word occurs constantly in names of places in Sweden, as Stockholm, Waxholm, Bornholm, and others," said the captain.

"I never even heard of those last two places," said Mary, who was gazing with great interest at the Riddarholm Church, as they gradually approached the city.

"Waxholm is the celebrated Swedish fortress, which guards from the Baltic the approach to Stockholm," said the captain, who just now was obliged to leave them, in order to attend to the bringing his steamer in to the wharf. "You should not fail to see Waxholm, and also the pretty little villages and lakes and islands out in that direction";—and so saying he hastened off, and was soon seen on the bridge carefully guiding the boat in amidst a crowd of other shipping, large and small.

"You will remember the other place," said Mr. Ashmead, "when I remind you that the pastor at Copenhagen mentioned the death of the aged pastor Ryding."

“Yes, I do remember,” said Mary; “he was pastor at Bornholm; and was there not some other circumstance mentioned in connection with his name?”

“He was one of the first that Mr. Köbner baptized at Copenhagen,” replied Mr. Ashmead.

“It was at his funeral too, that the Lutheran priest watched the minister so closely to discover whether he was infringing the rules about public speaking in the open air,” said Harry, upon whom this latter circumstance had evidently made a great impression.

The vessel had by this time found a place to push her prow in at the crowded wharf, and the passengers, by passing through another vessel lying between them and the shore, landed and actually set foot in that beautiful city, which had for so long a time lain far off in the distance, the object of pleasant anticipation, the fulfillment of which was hardly hoped for. At last it was actually before them and around them. Formerly it had seemed very remote indeed; but now the distance to America did not seem anything very extraordinary.

CHAPTER XII.

AMUSING SEARCH FOR A FRIEND IN STOCKHOLM.

BEFORE we have seen a place, it is simply a part of the world ; after we have seen it, it is part of our world. The difference between the two ideas is very great.

After reaching their hotel, Mr. Ashmead started out to call on the friend of whom Mr. Morley had spoken. Owing to the fact that Mr. Morley was not with them, Mr. Ashmead had not sent any word of their arrival, as he did not wish to give entire strangers the trouble of meeting them at the boat. The Ashmeads expected Mr. Morley by the earliest boat, but that could not come till two days later ; so the only thing to be done was to call at the address he had given them.

Mr. Ashmead stepped into an open one-seated cab, drawn by two stout but lively horses, and soon found himself in front of a solid stone house with large, folding doors, not a *porte-cochere*, for there were steps up to it. Dismissing the cabman and going up a flight of stone steps, he found his farther passage barred by a closed door, bearing the name of the person whom he sought. On ringing the bell and

waiting for some time he heard footsteps coming down the staircase overhead, and soon the door opened and a little man appeared.

Mr. Ashmead, having no Swedish at his command, asked in German as the nearest approach to it, whether Mr. Lund was at home.

This called forth a good deal more of a reply than Mr. Ashmead was prepared to grapple with.

The only words that he was able to distinguish were *på landet*, and these he had learned in his youth from a Swede who was one of his school-mates. *Jag gar på landet* meant, "I am going to the country," so the inference was plain, and Mr. Ashmead made it in these words:

"Herr Lund på landet?"

The little man nodded vigorously, waved his arm in the direction of Waxholm, and began a conversation which his hearer could not follow.

The latter wished naturally enough to ask when Mr. Lund would be home, and drawing from his pocket a Baedeker's guide-book; which contained a scanty vocabulary of Swedish and English words, he proceeded to hunt through it for the desired phrase. Not meeting with the success he expected, he next extracted his watch from his vest pocket, and pointed to the figures on its face, with a view to finding out how long it would be before the gentleman would return.

Upon this the little man became very much interested, and stepping out from the door-way, came down a step or two, pointed to the hour, and said something very fast. Mr. Ashmead could not understand, where-upon the man repeated it with great earnestness and some variations.

Mr. Ashmead looked at him in despair, as much as to say :

“ You are not a stupid-looking man. But why can you not speak good, plain English ? ”

The little man, in his turn, looked hopelessly at Mr. Ashmead, as if he would say :

“ You are an intelligent enough looking sort of a person. Why can you not speak good, sensible Swedish ? ”

They then both burst into a laugh at the absurdity of the situation ; but Mr. Ashmead’s resources were not yet exhausted. He felt sure that this man must be Mr. Lund’s servant, and he intended to ask him if he could find the appropriate word in Baedeker. After a short search he tried again.

“ Tjener Lund’s ? ”

To this, the man shook his head vigorously, and began to hunt over the page himself, thinking he might get some help from it ; but, not being so accustomed to dealing with books as his interlocutor, he soon gave up the attempt. He then said :

“*Wanta lytet,*” and beckoned to the gentleman, and pointed up-stairs.

“*Wanta,*” Mr. Ashmead thought he could understand; it sounded somewhat like the German for “wait,” and as the cabman had gone, and there seemed nothing better to do, Mr. Ashmead accepted the invitation to wait a little, and followed the man up-stairs into a small room under the roof, where a cobbler’s bench and tools, and a pile of old shoes, showed plainly the business which the little man followed. Handing a chair to his guest, the cobbler sat down and busied himself at his work, while Mr. Ashmead looked out appropriate sentences from his book, and experimented with them, on his new friend, who every now and then fell into a fit of laughter, as the thought of the desperate attempts at conversation recurred to him.

Just as Mr. Ashmead was piecing together a sentence expressive of his regret at giving the busy little man so much trouble, the latter went to the door, listened a moment, and then said:

“*Hemma, hemma, Lund, hemma,*” and pointed down-stairs, and nodded vehemently, looking exceedingly pleased.

Mr. Ashmead conjectured that “*Hemma*” meant that Mr. Lund had come home; and rose to follow his guide down-stairs, knocking his head as he did

so against the low door-way, at which the little man again laughed immoderately, at the same time looking at the ceiling in as stern a manner as possible, as if to reprove it for being so low. They found that it was not Mr. Lund, but his servant. The woman was, however, able to speak enough English to give the information, that her master was at his summer residence, though he would probably be in town again the next day. She asked if the gentleman's name was Morley; and on learning that he was an acquaintance of Mr. Morley's, she said that her master expected the latter gentleman, and had left a letter for him, when he should arrive. Mr. Ashmead, after again expressing his thanks, and saying that he would call the next day, took his leave; while the little cobbler tripped up-stairs again to his last, no doubt laughing, as he went.

When Mr. Ashmead called on the following day, he was met at the door by a gentleman just going out, who stopped at once, saying :

"Is not this the gentleman who was traveling with Mr. Morley?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Ashmead, greatly relieved to find himself addressed in good English. "My name is Ashmead, and I presume I have the pleasure of speaking with Mr. Lund."

"That is my name," replied the other, as he held

out his hand in cordial greeting. "I have just received a letter from Mr. Morley in which he speaks of you and your family in very warm terms, and regrets that an unexpected business complication prevented him from accompanying you, as he had expected."

"He could not have regretted it more than we did," replied Mr. Ashmead. "We have owed much of the profit and enjoyment of our trip to having been so fortunate as to make his acquaintance."

"He also says that he will never forgive me if I let you go away from here before he is able to come on, which will be at the farthest in two weeks; and in my own behalf, as well as in his, I hope that I shall be able to persuade you to remain with us."

"That is very kind," said Mr. Ashmead. "I can assure you that what we have already seen of Sweden has only made us anxious to see more of the country, and of the manners and customs of the inhabitants."

"Well, now you see we are living in the country, as my servant told you."

"Yes; and as the little cobbler told me with great difficulty,"—and here Mr. Ashmead recounted his adventure.

"I think," said Mr. Lund, "that if you were to come out to us to-morrow, it would be very pleasant ;

my sister will not be coming to town for a day or two. But if you go out with me in the morning, you could see something of our surroundings ; and if you could put up with our poor accommodations for a few days, we should be delighted to have you stay with us ; and then when you want to see anything of Stockholm, it is but an hour's trip into town by boat."

Although much attracted by this invitation, Mr. Ashmead would have declined it on account of the size of his party ; but his new acquaintance assured him that it would only add to their pleasure to receive his wife and children, and pressed his invitation with such cordial hospitality, that it really seemed impossible to decline without hurting him.

Mr. Ashmead, therefore, urged Mr. Lund to come with him to the hotel, in order that Mrs. Ashmead might be consulted in the matter ; but they had not gone far when they met her, with Mary and Harry, coming to join her husband.

The sound of their own language and Mr. Lund's cordial manners, made them feel acquainted with him at once, and he soon repeated his invitation, adding :

"We Baptists are particularly glad to meet a brother from your grand, free country ; and there are many of our brethren here who will never pardon me if I do not persuade you to stay."

"I am sure it will be a great pleasure to us," re-

plied Mrs. Ashmead. "My husband only fears that we are too large a party to impose upon your hospitality."

"Do not mention such a thing," exclaimed Mr. Lund. "I could not spare one of you.—Then we shall consider that settled."

They soon found themselves strolling quietly along in front of the Grand Hotel, and chatting with as lively interest as though they had known him for weeks instead of for only a few minutes. A word in regard to this gentleman may not be out of place.

He was a man of middle age, widely traveled and well read; one who, though not a minister, belonged to that large and useful class of thoroughly earnest Christian men, whose words and example are often all the more effective, for the very reason that they are not in the regular ministry. Mr. Lund had spent several years in America, and had read, thought, and observed to such good purpose, that he had attained that to which comparatively few in either country can lay claim—a thorough acquaintance with the language, and, above all, an impartial estimate of the resources, merits, and defects of the two countries.

With this wide range of knowledge was combined a pleasant address and a cordial frankness, which soon made our friends feel as if they had known him for a life-time. Add to this that he spoke English perfectly,

and had to a considerable degree that sense of humor, which, if Shakespeare had only thought to mention it, is as excellent a thing in man as a low voice is in woman, and it will not be wondered at that Harry was already beginning to feel consoled for the absence of Mr. Morley, and that the others could hardly realize that they were in a strange country.

They had just reached the point where a fine statue faces the imposing square mass of the Royal Palace, situated on the opposite shore.

"Whose statue is that?" asked Mrs. Ashmead.

"That is our great hero Charles XII.," replied Mr. Lund; "and a little farther back is the one of Charles XIII."

Proceeding a few hundred feet they entered the open market-place, called after this not very popular king.

"It is a curious commentary on the blind impartiality with which bronze honors are meted out by indiscriminating municipalities, that here within a few steps of each other stand the effigies of one of the most deserving and one of the most undeserving of Sweden's rulers, one of the most popular and one of the most unpopular; and the statue of one is hardly less fine than that of the other."

"I think this one is the finest," said Harry, who had been examining with great interest the magnificent



Ashmeads.

STATUE OF CHARLES XIII.—STOCKHOLM.

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lions at the base. "I would rather have lions around my statue than those pots at each corner of the statue of Charles XII."

"Pots! just listen to the boy," exclaimed Mary, laughing. "Those are not pots at all; they are mortars."

"Well, what have they got lids on them for if they are not pots?"

"Those lids, as you call them, are tompions. What a boy you are! I suppose you thought Charles XII. had some soup on boiling to strengthen him for his long watch," replied his sister.

"Well, I'd rather have this statue anyhow. They made that one of Charles XII. with his coat-tails flying out behind, as if there was a very strong wind in front of him; and when the wind is just the other way, as it is this morning, it looks absurd."

Mr. Lund smiled at the odd criticism, but added, very pleasantly:

"Others beside you have compared those little mortars to pots, and the fancied resemblance has given point to a very cutting saying expressive of the popular estimate of the two monarchs. 'Here,' they say, referring to the statue of Charles XII., 'is the lion surrounded by pots, and yonder' referring to this statue 'is the pot (a Swedish term of reproach) surrounded by lions.' There was a great popular excite-

ment when this statue was set up; and threats were made to destroy it or disfigure it."

"Oh, if that's the case," said Harry, who in common with most boys had no admiration except for the brave and noble, "I take back all I said about the other statue. I only wish they had put the lions around him instead of around this one."

Mr. Lund now proposed that they should visit the Ethnographic Museum, or at least that part of it situated nearer to their present position.

"This remarkable and widely celebrated collection is at present divided into several sections, each of which is contained in a separate building in different parts of the city," explained Mr. Lund; "but there is, I am glad to say, a movement on foot which will bring the entire invaluable collection under one roof and one management. We shall then have a record of the life of the Swedish people as displayed in their costumes, implements, and various other antiquarian remains, which will be unsurpassed, if not unrivaled, by that of any other country."

As they stood before the carefully executed groups, illustrating scenes from the life of the inhabitants of the various provinces, Mary recalled the groups of the same character at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

"But those, fine as they were, could not compare

with these in accuracy of detail, and lifelike proportions and postures," she remarked.

There were half a dozen or more of these groups, each in a separate compartment, having every detail carefully attended to with due regard to the place and time which it was intended to represent. Chairs, tables, table utensils, fire-places, the slightest variation in the dress of the figures composing the group—all were given with great faithfulness to nature. In front of each group were seats conveniently arranged for the accommodation of spectators.

Then in long rows of cases were displayed interesting specimens of different utensils and implements, articles of furniture and of domestic use, all admirably classified and arranged.

"These," said Mr. Lund, pointing to a collection of long, heavy staves of about two or three feet in length, "these are the staves on which it was the custom to write the royal decrees which were afterwards passed from hand to hand."

"Here are beautifully-carved knife-handles too," said Mrs. Ashmead, thinking to interest Harry; but the latter had caught sight of a group at the end of the large gallery which attracted him so powerfully that no knife-handle could stop him.

The others followed more at their leisure, examining the curious and beautiful articles on every side. On

arriving at this last group they did not wonder that Harry had rushed off as soon as he caught sight of it. It represented a scene in Lapland ; and was perfectly marvellous in its life-likeness. There was the tent, and here in the foreground was a Lapp snugly ensconced in his little sledge, with the reindeer securely fastened to it by a single trace and guided by a single rein. Just at one side were two other Lapps pushing aside the boughs of the fir trees as they emerged from the forest. In the distance were the snow-clad hills, and the ice-bound river, while the figures of dogs, reindeer, and men in the foreground, made the scene extremely realistic. Harry found it hard to tear himself away from all these wonders ; but as Mr. Ashmead wished to see some of the old books at the Royal Library before returning to the hotel, he consented to be led away.

Just as they reached the Library the rain which had been threatening began, and they were glad to get under cover. The Library at Upsala still has the greatest Bibliographical treasure of which Sweden is possessed, in the shape of the first translation of the Bible, that of Ulfilas. But there were some very remarkable and valuable works displayed in the carefully tended and guarded cases at Stockholm.

“ Here,” said Mr. Lund, “ is one of the gems of this collection,” and throwing back the cloth cover

from the glass case,—for they were admitted by special permission, it not being the regular visitors' day,—he pointed to a copy of the Codex Aureus, with a note stating that it was bought by Earl Aelfric, from the Vikings, in 880. It is printed on alternate white and purple parchment, and contains the Four Gospels from an Irish manuscript dating from the fifth century.

Here also is a copy of the travels of Marco Polo, in old French, and dating from the fourteenth century.

“And just look at this old chart; it has not a sign of America on it,” said Harry.

“No wonder,” replied his father, “for, as you can see by looking at the descriptive label, it was made at Venice about the middle of the fifteenth century; and America was not discovered till the latter part of that century.”

There were many other remarkable and curious old documents; especially were they interested in one immense book, which had a whole stand to itself. This was the Gigat Bible, or Devil's Bible, so called from the wonderful, and extraordinary representation of the devil, which adorns one of its pages. The book, which is about three feet long, by one and a half wide, is open, and the pages are rolled back, so as partially to disclose the form of

his Satanic Majesty, as it presented itself to the Bohemian artist, in the seventeenth century. Mary was so much struck by this picture, that she sketched a hasty outline of it, together with the page that contained it.

"Where did this queer Bible come from?" asked Harry.

"It was brought from Prague, in the year 1648, at the close of the Thirty Years' War," replied Mr. Lund.

"One often hears of the Mazarin, or Gutenberg, Bible, and other copies, which are named from some curious error, or strange term; but, I never heard of this before," said Mrs. Ashmead.

After looking at the free reading and writing-room, with its stores of volumes, readily accessible to each comer, without the formality of application, they were just on the point of turning homewards, when Mr. Lund said:

"It has cleared off beautifully, while we were in the Library. Now, what do you say, if we take a look at the new church, built by one of our former members? It is but a short distance from here; and, as we are so near it, I should like very much to see it."

They were all perfectly willing to take this farther walk. They soon came to a fine building in one

of the best parts of the city, and ascending a winding staircase, stood in a large, and very neatly and tastefully decorated auditorium.

"You said one of the former members, did you not?" asked Mr. Ashmead, inquiringly.

"Yes, he was at one time one of our most valued members, and he aided the Theological School at its start. But unfortunately, not being satisfied with the way in which things were going, he withdrew and built this church."

"Who conducts the services?" asked Mr. Ashmead.

"Oh, different preachers are invited to occupy the pulpit, and a congregation is never lacking. It is much to be deplored that any one should sever his connection with a body of believers for any cause less than an absolute departure from truth. It is as if a family was continually in danger of breaking up for slight disagreements."

On passing out of the door, Mr. Ashmead's attention was caught by a hand-bill posted up.

"That is for the Salvation Army," said Mr. Lund; "they are to have the basement, on condition that they do not make so much noise as usual."

"Is it possible that movement has extended as far as Stockholm?" cried Mrs. Ashmead.

"Yes, they have been here for fully a year," re-

plied Mr. Lund. "In the winter time their meetings are largely attended."

"Do you think they do any good?"

"If you put the question in that way 'any good,' the answer would certainly be 'yes'; but if you were to say, 'do they do more good than harm?' you would meet with many different estimates, varying according to the acquaintance which your informant had with the work."

"What would your answer be to this latter form of the question?" she asked. "I always had an idea that they merely made a travesty of religion, and were generally very eccentric people."

"Probably your impression has been gained chiefly from reading the accounts current in the daily newspaper press. These are almost always in the nature of unfavorable incidents and comments. I do not remember once to have seen in any newspaper, except their own publication, 'The War Cry,' allusion to any good results from their meetings."

"No, it is always that some of the officers were arrested, or that a great disturbance was made, and so forth."

"Yes, and in this way one gets a very unfair and one-sided view of the matter, while at the same time imagining that he has gained quite an impartial idea, because in these days of the wide circulation of the

press, one can read about a thing and know a great deal about it while having no personal knowledge of it, whatever."

"What you say seems to throw great discredit on the press."

"Not on the press, only on an inadequate use of it. The daily press, though a very powerful agency, is by no means the only authority at hand. There are the magazines, the weekly religious press, the monthly reviews, religious and secular, the quarterlies; and to these one must turn, in order to gain a full impression of what the opinion of the press is upon any important subject. Now considering this broad field of criticism I should say that the balance of evidence was in favor of the Salvationists."

"And what conclusion would your own personal observation lead you to?" asked Mrs. Ashmead.

"About the same, only with a much larger balance to their credit," replied Mr. Lund; "for no one unfavorable instance has come under my observation, while the meetings I have attended have given me a strong idea of the earnestness and enthusiasm of the members. One meeting that I attended in London interested me exceedingly, and I have also been present at several of the meetings here. Indeed, on one occasion I was glad to exert myself to protect one of the captains, a young girl, from the insolence and

roughness of the crowd that had gathered around the Salvationists in the street. But here we are at the Stromparterre."

During this talk the party had left the church and had walked back to the hotel, which they had just reached. Mr. and Mrs. Ashmead begged their companion to come in and dine with them; and Mr. Lund accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given.

"But just one moment," he added. "I must telephone to my sister by what boat to expect us tomorrow."

He attended to this matter, and soon after met the ladies in the dining-room.

"I thought you said Waxholm was ten or twelve miles from here," said Mr. Ashmead. "Have you telephonic communication with that place?"

"Yes, indeed; and not only with that place, but with almost every other place of resort around the city. You must not think that because we live in out of the way Sweden, as some people call it, we do not know what is going on in the world. We keep well up to the march of civilization, and in the matter of telephonic communication we are rather in advance of other nations; for no where is the telephone more universally used."

"What is the reason of that?" asked Mr. Ashmead.

“Partly, I suppose, because there are such great numbers of little villages and summer resorts scattered on the neighboring islands, and on the shores of the beautiful lakes and inlets. In a place where the summer is so short, people naturally wish to make the most of the warm weather; and every one who can, goes out of town; but at the same time it is found necessary to keep up communication with the city. Then, too, in the depth of winter, this means of communication proves especially valuable.”

While talking, the party had seated themselves at the table, with its basket of inevitable hard, black bread, made in large, flat, circular cakes, which Harry called griddle cakes, because he said they looked about the same size and shape as an iron griddle, and just about as palatable. He afterwards found that they improved on fuller acquaintance. As the dinner was being served, Mrs. Ashmead said:

“You were speaking of the Salvation Army meeting in London, Mr. Lund. I should like much to know your opinion of the work they do there. The accounts of their meetings and work seem very strange, and even startling.”

“I can readily understand that,” replied Mr. Lund; “yet with all their peculiar methods of working, they do much in a field which no other workers occupy so fully,” replied Mr. Lund. “And they

have increased, until at present they number over half a million, in all parts of the world. I own that I have often been shocked by their extravagance of speech and manner. But then one must remember that the rough element of London and other English cities, is something beyond most people's comprehension, and that these methods are probably well adapted to their needs. At all events, one feels that the Salvationists have chosen efficacious methods when one reads the frequent testimonies of police and municipal authorities to the improved condition of notoriously bad quarters in consequence of their visits."

"Do they include temperance work in their programme?" asked Mrs. Ashmead, who, as president of one of those local societies, which, combined under the general title, "Women's Christian Temperance Union," form such a powerful influence for good in our own country, naturally took a strong interest in anything pertaining to this subject.

"Yes, indeed, that is one of their fundamental principles; and there is no more striking illustration of the hold that they obtain on the masses than the fact that each one of those half million recruits, drawn from the class most susceptible to the attractions of the low bar-rooms, pledges himself to total abstinence."

"That is remarkable," replied Mrs. Ashmead; "and

that alone should insure for them the good wishes of any one interested in the uplifting of fallen and depraved humanity."

"One singular fact, showing with what skill the tunes and songs used are adapted to catch the popular ear, was mentioned to me by one of the secretaries at the head-quarters in Queen Victoria Street. In one of the monster political demonstrations, at the time of the passage of the last Reform Bill, it was desired to have some spirited tune to sing, in order to keep the crowd in a good humor, and nothing better suggested itself than one of the Salvation Army tunes. The multitude joined in heartily and vigorously, and the critical moment was thus safely passed."

Mr. Ashmead was greatly pleased at his good fortune in meeting with Mr. Lund who, to the great and indispensable quality of being able to converse in English, added the charm of a singularly thoughtful and observant mind.

He soon took occasion to ask news of the Rev. Andreas Wiberg, so widely known and loved, and for many years one of the most diligent workers for Christ in the Swedish field.

"I am grieved to have to say, that the health of this noble Christian is in a sadly precarious state," replied Mr. Lund. "He is at present out of town."

"I am very sorry to hear such a bad account of his

health," said Mr. Ashmead. "I had looked forward to the pleasure of meeting him; but I hope he will be much better before we leave, and that it may yet be possible for us to see him, and wish him God-speed in the good cause."

Mrs. Ashmead joined with her husband in expressing her regrets, and asked with much sympathy the nature of Dr. Wiberg's illness.

"Ah, madame," replied Mr. Lund, "I can only refer you to his labors. Since the month of July 1852, when he was baptized in Copenhagen by the Rev. Frederic Olaus Nilsson, the pastor of the Baptist Church there, his whole life has been devoted to the work of spreading the gospel and the truth concerning our Master's commands to his followers; and in this country such devotion was repaid by the authorities with persecutions and trials, such as might well break down even the strongest constitution."

"I thought that Dr. Wiberg was a native of Sweden," said Mary. "How did it happen that he was baptized in Copenhagen? Had not Mr. Nilsson organized a Baptist Church in Sweden before 1850?"

"The church in Hamburg sent over the Rev. A. P. Foerster," replied Mr. Lund, "and he organized the first Swedish Baptist Church, a small church of six members, in 1848. Mr. Nilsson was not at the time ordained, but he had been baptized by Dr. Oncken

in the Elbe, the preceeding year ; and he and his wife were among this small number of believers. They were, however, persecuted from the first. Mobs collected around their place of worship ; they were attacked with stones ; and were on the verge of starvation, because employment in their different trades was refused them."

"Was that what obliged Mr. Nilsson to go to Copenhagen?" asked Mary.

"Yes, he had been ordained in Hamburg in the spring of 1849, but on his return he was arrested and imprisoned ; and finally, in the following year sentence of banishment was pronounced against him by the High Court of Justice," said Mr. Lund.

"Oh, how sad!" exclaimed Mary. "Then the church was disbanded, I suppose."

"Mr. Nilsson did not leave at once," replied Mr. Lund ; "owing to legal delays he was able to defer his departure until July, 1851 ; and he then left the small and scattered company of baptized believers under the care of his brother Bernhardt Nilsson, and went to Copenhagen."

"It seems almost incredible that the Baptists should have survived as a church against such opposition," said Mrs. Ashmead.

"It teaches us that God's truth cannot be crushed by the opposition of prejudiced and evil disposed

men," replied Mr. Lund; "but, certainly, we never could have attained the results that are now before us, without the aid that we have received from friends outside our own country. You must see our Bethel Kapellet, and the Salem Kapellet, that we had to erect in the southern part of the city, when the Bethel proved too small for our increasing numbers. In these, we have substantial evidence of the kindly feelings of our American brethren toward us."

"Let me see," said Mr. Ashmead; "1848—that was just the year before I made my first trip to Europe; and a careless young fellow I was, then. What a wonderful growth has been going on through these thirty odd years!"

"Indeed, you may well say that," replied Mr. Lund. "From six members to more than twenty-six thousand; and now, if the publishing business that Rev. Jonas Stadling, Dr. Wiberg's son-in-law, is pushing with so much hearty and skillful energy, takes firm root, we may look for much larger increase in the next twenty or thirty years."

While this conversation was going on, the matsedel (bill of fare) was being thoroughly discussed; and now the hard black bread, over which Harry had been making sundry dubious grimaces, came in for its share of comments and jokes. If the bread was not

to Harry's taste, the jokes were very palatable ; for he began to think the conversation had taken far too serious a turn. Mr. Lund, who could sympathize with a merry boy as well as with his thoughtful elders, turned readily to a lighter chat, and tried, rather unsuccessfully, to explain to his friends the appearance of two other kinds of hard white bread very much used in the north, but rarely seen in Stockholm.

"Well," he said, "if you can only stay here long enough, we could make a trip up that way ; and you could see that and a great many other curious things with your own eyes."

To Mrs. Ashmead's surprise, her husband seemed to be attracted by this suggestion.

"What sort of accommodations would we find for ladies?" he inquired.

Mr. Lund looked rather dubious, and Mrs. Ashmead hastily exclaimed :

"Oh ! I hardly think that is an excursion which I could make, though I have no doubt that you would find it extremely interesting."

"We can discuss it all to-morrow," said Mr. Lund. "If it is agreeable to you, I will call here in the morning to take you to the boat."

Mr. Ashmead assured him that it would not be necessary to take that trouble, as they would meet

him on board ; but Mr. Lund smilingly shook his head, and remarked :

“ You do not know our wharves yet. With so many boats coming and going, a stranger might easily get confused, and get on board the wrong one. It will be no trouble at all for me to call for you ; and it would be a very serious trouble, both for myself and my sister, if we could not welcome you at our little country home at Waxholm to-morrow morning.”

With this agreement, he took leave of them until the following day.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CORDIAL WELCOME AT WAXHOLM.

THE following morning the whole party found themselves on board the little steamer lying at the foot of the wharf, near the fine statue of Gustave III.

“That is the monument erected by Gustave IV. in commemoration of the zeal and fidelity displayed by the inhabitants of Stockholm, during the war with Russia in 1788. The royal toothpick, as it is familiarly called by the towns-people,” said Mr. Lund, in reply to a question from Mary concerning a fine obelisk standing at the top of the Slottsbacken, or Palace Hill, opposite the southeastern portion of the royal Palace.

The travelers had found that his escort was by no means unneeded; for the wharves were, as he had said, confusing to strangers. It was a bright and busy scene; every foot of wharf-room was taken up by the steamers and steam-launches, large and small. Indeed, in many places, the vessels were lying two, or even three, deep, so that the passengers embarking on the outside one would have to pass through one or

two other vessels. The wide expanse of the fine, solid, granite quays was alive with people, and with vehicles of different kinds, some swiftly passing and repassing, and others stationary. The horses were not tied, but ingeniously prevented from running away by a strap fastened around both front legs above the knee. The water was covered with little steamers flying in every direction, and ever and anon folding down their little jointed smoke-stacks, as they passed under the low, broad arches of the multitude of bridges, which are necessary to connect the eight islands and two peninsulas on which Stockholm, to quote the graphic words of Bayard Taylor, "like a northern eaglet nested on the islands and shores of the pale green Malar Lake."

The little steamer soon started and glided swiftly along, now on this side, now on that side of the broad and tranquil sheet of water with its pine and birch-covered banks, until after the lapse of an hour or so she shot suddenly out from between two closely approaching points of land into a wide expanse of water, and opposite to them lay the beautiful island of Waxholm, with its stern and massive fortress guarding the narrow entrance from the Baltic.

Stepping on shore at the neat little village which lies near and takes its name from the fortress, our friends were met by a lady and a youth, who had

come down in a sail-boat from their summer house further up the inlet.

The former, a fine looking lady of grave manners, was introduced by Mr. Lund as his sister, Mrs. Lagerbring; the latter was her only son, a bright young fellow of twenty, who handled the little craft very skillfully as he turned the prow towards the picturesque little villa which gleamed out from the dark mass of woods to the north.

Each house along the banks had its own little landing place, and each family owned a boat or two. These were constantly in requisition during the bright summer days either for purposes of business or of pleasure, while farther means of communication are afforded by the little steamers, which make trips at stated times, stopping at private landings whenever signaled.

At Mr. Lund's house a prettily kept garden came down to the water's edge, occupying the whole of the steep slope between the house and the landing. Here were raised strawberries, currants, raspberries, all of the very finest kind, and in this northern latitude still in full bearing in the middle of July.

The young man who, in common with his mother and his uncle spoke English very well, asked Harry if he knew the Swedish name for the strawberry.

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy. "As we were passing

one of the locks on the Gotha Canal, a lot of little boys and girls came on board with quantities of strawberries, and they called them 'smultron.' They were good too."

"But those were not strawberries like these," said Carl Lagerbring; "those were the berries that grow in the woods, small berries, what you call"—

"Wild strawberries," suggested Harry.

"Yes, that is it; wild strawberries, they are called 'smultron'; but these that grow in gardens we call 'jord-gubbar,' which means 'old men of the earth.'"

Harry was amused at this odd name, but added:

"That exactly describes some of the early berries that they bring from the South in our country and charge thirty cents apiece for. They are of the earth, earthy."

While they were seated at dinner, which was served in the garden under the shade of the trees, Mr. Lund referred to the subject of a trip towards the north.

"If you could only extend your visit long enough," he said, "we could go up to the mountains to a little country house where Carl and I spent a very pleasant vacation some years ago. You could see Sundsvall and Ostersund, two of the most important towns of northern Sweden, and entirely different from anything here in the south. We could stay at the country house, where there is good fishing; and at the differ-

ent places we stop at you could get a better idea of Swedish life than in any other way."

The prospect was too enticing to be looked on with anything but favor, and Mr. Ashmead was anxious to go; but unfortunately Mrs. Ashmead was feeling the effects of so much traveling in one of her old attacks of headache. It was therefore out of the question to ask her to go on this extended tour. She, however, was very anxious that Mr. Ashmead should not give it up on her account. Mrs. Lagerbring also insisted that all Mrs. Ashmead needed was rest and quiet.

"Just leave her to me," she said. "I will take care of her; and when you come back from your trip you will find her all right again."

Mary, whose tender care did more than anything else to help her mother in these trying attacks, would not leave her. After a good deal of discussion, it was at last decided that Mr. Ashmead had better make the trip alone with Mr. Lund. Harry felt inclined to be disappointed when he thought of the country farmhouse and the fishing which their host had spoken of; but the companionship of Carl, with whom he had already struck up a warm friendship, and the promise of plenty of boating and sailing, consoled him.

It was arranged that the two gentlemen should go back to Stockholm the next day, to take the steamer for Sundsvall.

In the evening they took a stroll through the pine woods in the rear of the house, and were surprised to find several beautiful little farms nestling in the very heart of the island. The view from an elevated point which they reached, the well-kept farm with its red house trimmed with white in the foreground, the string of pretty little villas along the shore in the distance, the village of Waxholm surmounted by its picturesque wind-mill and backed by its solid fortress, and beyond all the fascinating and indefinable charm of the Swedish "labyrinth of land and water,"—all called forth many expressions of admiration and surprise from the visitors.

Mr. Ashmead remarked that, although the houses were neat and picturesque, there were none which looked as expensive nor as substantial as those which he had seen at many points not more favored.

"Ah," said Mr. Lund, "that is easily explained. This island belongs to the government, and private citizens are allowed to build on it only with the understanding that, in case of war, every building shall be razed to the ground. So you see there is no great inducement to build very fine or costly structures, even though there is no immediate prospect of war."

When they returned they found an invitation to take tea with a neighbor, and the entire party adjourned to the house next door. Everything was

quite informal, and the guests stood around the table on which were placed a number of little dishes, a plate of butter, and one of bread cut in slices, with the usual supply of hard biscuit.

After a moment's silence the hostess invited the guests to help themselves, and those who were accustomed to this method would break off a piece of hard bread, or take a slice of soft bread, and butter it, replacing the knife in the butter-dish after using it, and then with a fork select some relish—cheese, reindeer flesh, sausage, or salmon ; and afterward march up and down the room munching this sandwich. Those who were not accustomed to it tried to imitate the easy nonchalance of the others ; but with very indifferent success. Some of the company wandered into the next room, which looked out over the water, and would remain there chatting and eating until they came to the end of their morsel, when they would return and make another descent upon the *smörgåsbord*.

Mary had picked up a Swedish newspaper and was trying to read from it, calling into play her knowledge of German.

“Oh, I think it would be easy enough to read after a little practice,” she exclaimed ; “it is so much like English.”

“Yes, it is like English in a great many respects,”

replied Carl, who had brought his sandwich over to her corner; "and for most English speaking persons it is easy to read, but hard to speak; there is such a great preponderance of broad, full vowel sounds. It is a very musical language, in spite of its apparent keen incisive quality. Some one has compared it in this latter respect to a lot of chopping knives, and has said that if you were to bring a Swedish sentence in contact with one of another language, French or German, for instance, the Swedish would chop the other all to pieces."

"That is certainly a very striking simile," said Mary, laughing. "Am I to suppose then that the Swedes are good hands at the chop logic style of argument?"

"Well, without giving a direct answer to that question, I will undertake to prove to you that, in spite of your declaration that Swedish is like English, it is the very opposite of English."

"How do you manage that?"

The young man brought down an English-Swedish dictionary, and handing it to his companion, said:

"Will you please look out the word for 'puss?'"

Mary turned over the pages, and soon found the desired word.

"What is it?"

"Kisse."

“Very well ; now please look for the word ‘kiss.’ What is that ?”

“Puss.”

“Then my proposition is proved. The Swedish *kisse* is the English *puss*, and the Swedish *puss* is the English *kiss*.”

“Chop logic enough,” said Mary, laughing heartily.

“And besides, if it is so much like English, please tell me what this means.” And he wrote on a piece of paper “Bulljong.”

Mary looked at this critically. Harry peered over her shoulder, but neither could make anything of it, till Carl suggested that it was a kind of soup ; and then they caught the true word, “bouillon.”

“‘Paviljong’ is another instance of the same sort, borrowed from the French,” said Carl.

Just at this moment, the hostess spoke to the young people, and exhorted them to help themselves. This they proceeded to do, and having disposed of several more sandwiches, and Mary, at Carl’s suggestion, having tried some of the stewed “lingon” berries,—a delicious kind of red bilberry, much esteemed in Sweden,—coffee was brought on, with a basket of cakes, and rolls, and hard rusks.

“Now,” said the hostess, in Swedish, after Mary had finished her first cup, “will you not take some more ?”

Mary declined at first, when her hostess smilingly suggested :

“*En lytet på tor.*”

This Mary did not understand. In fact, the accompanying gesture had alone enabled her to guess at the first invitation ; but Carl came to her assistance.

“That means, ‘Will you not take just a drop more?’” he explained.

“It is quite the proper thing to do,” said Mr. Lund, who stood near, “just a little to top off with” ; and Mary passed her cup along all the more willingly, since the coffee, as is invariably the case in Sweden, was very good.

“I thought you would find it good,” said Mr. Lund ; “we Swedes are very fond of coffee. It used to be said that the iron exported did not suffice to balance the nation’s coffee bill.”

After every one had been satisfied, the piano was opened, and music and singing filled up the rest of the evening.

“I never heard such beautiful amateur singing,” said Mary, afterwards, as she recounted the evening’s pleasures in her mother’s room ; “and as for the piano playing, that was exquisite. A gentleman played duets with his daughter, who could not have been more than fifteen, characteristic Swedish dances and marches, with brilliant variations ; and the deli-

cacy and accuracy of touch was perfectly marvelous. I could not get to play like that in ten years." And Mary sighed, as she thought of the six years already spent in gaining what was, after all, but a slippery and uncertain grasp on the subtle mysteries of the key-board; yet she did not play badly, as playing goes now-a-days.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE WAY TO THE SWEDISH NORRLAND.

THE next morning it was necessary for Mr. Ashmead and Mr. Lund to start early, as both the gentlemen had business to attend to in Stockholm before the hour of sailing.

The air was cool and bracing, and this short preliminary trip of ten miles would have given most people, not accustomed to the country, enough to talk about for a week.

As they drew near to Stockholm, and passed on the left the busy ship-yards, and on the right the large Deaf and Dumb Asylum, a scene of entrancing beauty broke on their vision. From no point is the peculiar beauty of the city, founded by the powerful Earl Birger, more strikingly apparent. On the right is the broad esplanade of the northern city; in the centre lies the city proper with its slender spires, handsome palace, substantial buildings, and fine quays fringed with noble shipping; and on the left rise the high bluffs of the southern city, covered with houses and crowded by the magnificent dome of the unique Church of St. Catharine.

“Did you see the Michaelis Church at Hamburg?” inquired Mr. Lund of his companion, who stood gazing in admiration at the scene before him.

“Yes; is it not a wonderful structure?” replied Mr. Ashmead; “the vast expanse of roof with the entire absence of supporting pillars struck me as being something quite unusual in the way of church building, although I am not much versed in architectural subjects.”

“It is a remarkable specimen of architecture,” said Mr. Lund. “Did any one tell you that the architect was obliged to flee in disgrace on account of the severe criticisms passed on his work, and the report that was started to the effect that the structure was insecure, and that it would be impossible for the walls to support the weight of the roof?”

“I heard nothing of that.”

“Well, that, as I understand it, was the case. At all events the architect came here; and, meeting with a more favorable reception, built that Church of St. Catharine’s on the same plan as the one at Hamburg. Just back of that is our Salem Capellet, which is of more interest to us Baptists. But look there,” he suddenly exclaimed, as they drew still nearer to the city. “There is something that is perhaps more remarkable and more strictly unique than the church,” and he drew Mr. Ashmead’s attention to the slowly

ascending cage of an elevator, which, starting from the base of the hill, conveys passengers up to the level of the highest point, which is then easily reached by a slender yet firm iron bridge carried over the tops of the intervening houses.

"I wonder how it is that we have never heard of that," said Mr. Ashmead. "I have read most books of northern travel, but have never seen this elevator even alluded to."

"It has only been there about two years," replied Mr. Lund. "It was erected in the early part of 1883, I think."

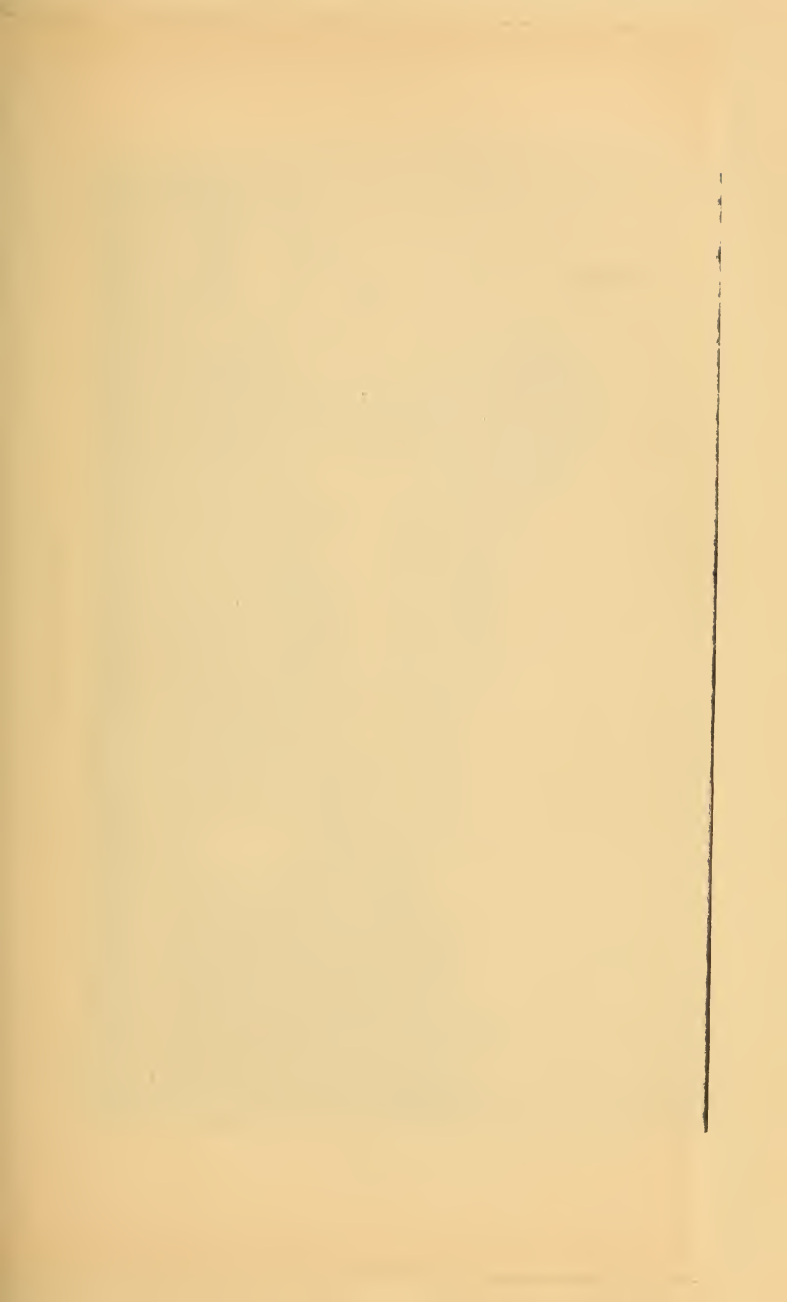
"It is the property of the city, I suppose."

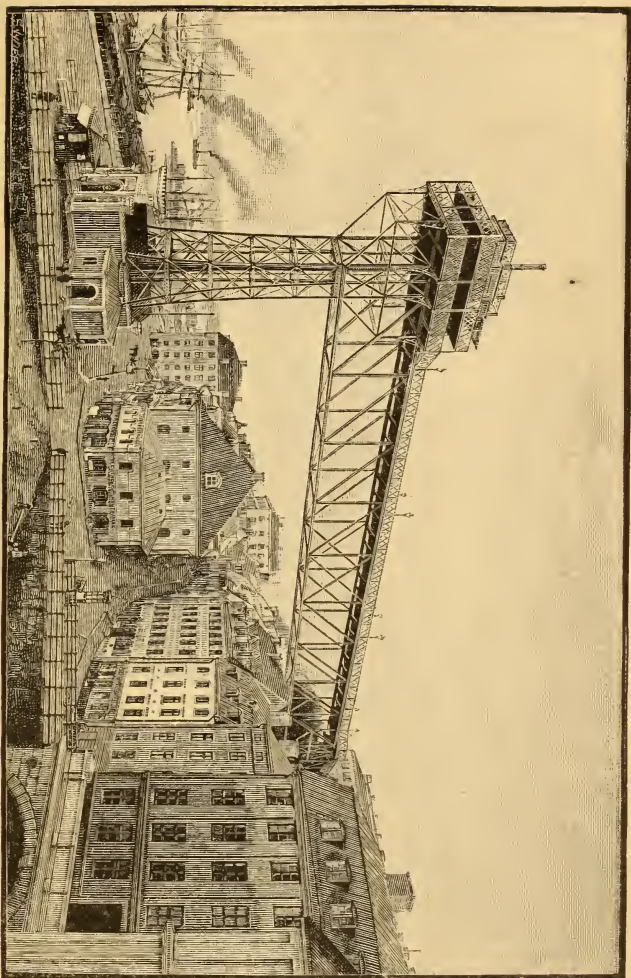
"No, it is owned by a private enterprise, started by an individual, who organized a company, put it up at an expense of about one hundred thousand dollars, and himself receives all over seven per cent. profits. It reverts to the city after the lapse of fifty years."

"That must be a very good thing for the owners, I should think."

"Yes, it pays well. You see, the Sudmalm, as the southern portion of the city is called, has grown very largely of late, and there are few passengers who cannot afford to pay the five 'ore' which it costs to go up. Coming down, the charge is only three ore."

"Where does the bridge lead to?" asked Mr. Ashmead.





Asbmecads.

THE ELEVATOR—STOCKHOLM.

"It comes out into the Kallargrand, very near the celebrated Mosebacke Garden, which used to be so popular a resort for tourists that wished to get one of the finest views of the city and environs. All that is changed now, though; and the business of the garden is spoiled in a large degree, as strangers get the view from the bridge, or from the little cafe, which you see at the top of the elevator."

"How high is it?" asked Mr. Ashmead.

"About one hundred and thirty or forty feet. You see the cage going up; well, it takes just about half a minute to get to the top."

"A very good rate of speed," said Mr. Ashmead.

"Yes; considering that they take eleven persons besides the attendant, it is very fair."

"I have a friend who has had some experience with what they call 'lifts,' in England, and '*Fahrstuhls*,' in German hotels," said Mr. Ashmead; "and he advises me carefully to shun taking a room on the upper floor, on the strength of an elevator figuring in the advertisement. These convenient affairs, he says, are generally closed for repairs about six days out of the week, and on the seventh day, go so slowly that you have to start from the ground floor about six o'clock, if you desire to be in bed before midnight."

"I have no doubt, that if all these would do as

well as our Stockholm elevator, nobody would complain," said Mr. Lund, laughing; "but here we are."

The boat stopped, and the two friends stepped briskly ashore under the shadow of Gustavus III. Mr. Ashmead stopped a moment to regard the fine statue, and expressed his admiration.

"Yes, it is a fine statue, and he was a good king," replied Mr. Lund; "but we do not forget that he was the one who did more than any other to fasten around the necks of his people the galling yoke of intemperance."

"I did not know that," said Mr. Ashmead. "It is a grave charge to be brought against any one, much more against a powerful ruler."

"The great poet Bellman also, whose statue adorns the fine pleasure-garden of Hasselbacken, is open to the same criticism; as he, by his genius and sparkling fancy, ably seconded the efforts of the king to increase his revenue by encouraging the extensive sale and use of intoxicating liquors. But we must remember that it was in his splendid reign that sentiments in favor of religious liberty first received encouragement."

"We must, also," added Mr. Ashmead, who was nothing, if not fair minded, "bear in mind that we ought not to be too severe in our judgment of these

last century rulers and writers ; for they did not know as much as we do. We must remember that the temperance reform is hardly a hundred years old."

"Ah, but you forget the Bible," replied Mr. Lund. "The temperance reform is very good in its way ; but it is not our rule of life, the lamp unto our feet. The temperance reform marks the fact that science is, as it were, catching up to the Bible. The Bible teaching on the subject of temperance was just as plain and unmistakable at the beginning as it is now ; but people would not believe or obey it, because, forsooth, it had not been scientifically corroborated. Now that it has been proved that alcohol is poison to the human body, they are, as a rule, more willing to follow the plain Bible teaching ; but few will maintain that any great amount of credit attaches to that kind of obedience. It savors too much of the proverbial 'burnt child' style."

"Yes, I see," replied Mr. Ashmead ; "you mean the burnt child who keeps away from the fire, not because it has been forbidden to approach it, but because it knows from experience that it will suffer pain. But does not that answer the purpose just as well ? So long as it keeps away from the fire, is not that all that is necessary ?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Lund ; "for there is no real obedience, and no surety that the next time the

child is forbidden to do something—eat green apples, for instance; it will not disobey, and die of a colic.”

“Then,” said Mr. Ashmead, who really had only taken the position that he did in order to bring out in conversation more clearly the ideas that had been floating around in an undefined way in his own mind; “then presupposing a wise and good lawgiver, obedience is, for mankind, the only road to happiness and safety.”

“That is the view that I take,” said Mr. Lund; “but there are too many who will not obey the commands of God until it has been proved by scientific methods (which is only another way of saying, by experience, the ‘burnt child’ method), that the commands are really such as cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

“Many scientists and philosophers hold that this is a great advance, and that it is much better to do this or that, or to abstain from doing it, because we know it to be good or hurtful in its results, than merely to yield blind obedience, as they call it, to a higher power.

“It may seem a great advance at the time, but the great lesson, that of real, hearty obedience to God, still remains unlearned; and until that is learned, mankind will only surmount one difficulty to fall into another. Material evils are not the only ones in the

world, and there are already signs, in the wild metaphysical speculation and insidious unbelief of the present age, that the struggle against authority is bringing many evils in its train.

“There are many other plain precepts in the Bible which men reject now as impracticable. They may not deny them, but they certainly do not obey them; and the result will be a long period of hardship, untold suffering, and blind strugglings and gropings towards the light, until at some future time it will be scientifically proved that all men are brothers; that if injustice is done it will return to smite the doers thereof; that evil must not be done that good may come; and so forth. Then probably the inhabitants of the earth will look back wonderingly on the darkness of the nineteenth century, and say, ‘They had the Bible, and it teaches all these things, yet they would not hearken to it; no wonder they had their strikes, their Mormon Question, and countless other distressing and harassing social and political evils.’”

“I am very glad that I have heard your views on the subject of obedience,” said Mr. Ashmead. “I think that Baptists ought to understand clearly what real obedience to the will of God, as set forth in Scriptures, calls for. You know that we constantly meet with those who are no doubt real Christians, yet have very vague notions of obedience. Some of our

Pedobaptist friends are wont to say, that we are great sticklers for a few drops of water, more or less. They do not seem at all to understand that we do not contend about a mere question of more or less water, but that we are only anxious to show our claims to be the friends of our Lord. You remember he gives us a test by which our claim may be established: 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' Suppose we baptize unbelievers, whether young or old; or pour or sprinkle water on believers, and call it baptism. Does that of itself prove our friendship to Christ? Certainly not, unless we do the thing that he commands. Dean Stanley, a few years ago, complimented those persons who have given up the immersion which the command calls for, and have established sprinkling or pouring, because they are so much more convenient. He does not seem to think it at all important that they should do just what Christ commands, neither more nor less. That is, he does not appear to have a clear conception of the importance of real, cheerful obedience. I hope the Baptists in Europe will always bear their testimony, by word and by act, against whatsoever will not stand the Lord's own test."

"I am thankful," replied Mr. Lund, "that the Lord is raising up a people all through eastern and northern Europe whose invariable practice is a con-

tinual protest against all specious forms of disobedience, and a constant reminder of the necessity of strict conformity to the Lord's own example, as well as to his expressed will. I feel certain that it will tend to the elevation of Christian character, and be useful in the promotion of morals in general."

The greater part of this conversation had taken place on board the fine coasting steamer on which the travelers had taken passage, and which was now rapidly bearing them back over the same route that they had traversed only a few hours before.

As they passed Waxholm they waved their hats and handkerchiefs to Harry and Mary, and their Swedish friends, whom they observed cruising about to the left of the steamer's course.

The stern and frowning fortress planted squarely in the middle of the narrow passage to the inner channel, was soon left in the rear. Gefle, where Gustavus IV. gathered his forces after his unsuccessful expedition to Russia, was passed during the night, and in the morning the steamer was far up the coast. They passed Svartvik, where far off, on the coast could be seen the immense saw-mills of Mr. Dickson, one of Sweden's richest men.

"Is that the one of whom I heard at Gothenberg as having such a fine residence there?" asked Mr. Ashmead, when his friend pointed him to the place.

“Yes, the same one; he was called the Vanderbilt of Sweden, though really he was not a Swede, but a Scotchman. He has given large sums to benevolent purposes, and his grounds at Gothenburg, where the finest view of the city can be obtained, have always been hospitably opened to strangers.”

On arriving at Sundsval, which is a thriving town of five or six thousand inhabitants, the two gentlemen went to the Baptist Church, a substantial and commodious brick structure, situated on the southern side of the town. The town itself is built on the south side of the river, on a narrow plain that slopes gradually back to the hills behind. Arrived at the church, they were fortunate enough to find the pastor at home. The church and parsonage were both under one roof, as is very commonly the case in Sweden.

The pastor's family were out of town. There is hardly any person in Sweden above the rank of the laboring classes who does not spend the greater part of the summer out of town. The winters are so long and severe, and the cost of transportation and of living in the country is so cheap, that the towns are far more generally deserted during the long pleasant summer days than is the case in more temperately situated lands.

After chatting for some time, and inspecting the church building, which, notwithstanding the plainness

of the exterior, was comfortably arranged and tastefully finished inside, Mr. Ashmead put some questions concerning the number of members and the condition of the work. He was surprised to learn that, in a town no larger than this, the church numbered five hundred, with a Sunday-school of three hundred.

"This is one of the six or seven Baptist churches in Sweden that supports a pastor; and the building cost eighty-five thousand crowns" (somewhat more than twenty-one thousand dollars), said the good pastor, with a touch of not altogether unpardonable pride. "It is not a bad showing for thirty years' work."

"Only thirty years!" repeated Mr. Ashmead. "I thought the work dated from 1848."

"That was in the south, near Gothenburg. The first Baptist Church was organized there at that time; but the work in the north was first started by Mr. P. J. Hejdenberg, who was baptized at Hamburg, in 1854, and returning here, baptized the first candidate at Bankasviken, not very far from here."

"Did he return here immediately after leaving Hamburg?" asked Mr. Ashmead.

"In 1855," replied the pastor, "the next year. And the first baptism took place on the eighteenth day of August, at half-past four in the morning. The thirtieth anniversary of the occasion is to be

celebrated in a few weeks by an excursion to the spot and appropriate exercises."

"I am sorry I cannot offer you any entertainment here," continued the pastor; "but if you will come with me, I can do what will perhaps be better. I have been invited by one of our members to spend the day at his house in the country, and I know they would be only too glad if you would go with me. You will know that it will not be an undue encroachment on their hospitality," he added, turning to Mr. Lund, "when I mention the name of Palmer."

"Palmer! why, he is one of my oldest friends in this part," exclaimed Mr. Lund; "and just the one that I was going to make an effort to see to-day. It will be very pleasant if you are going there too."

"Well, then, that is settled; and now let us go out and get some breakfast. You must be hungry; for the boat arrives early."

So saying, the good man led the way across an open square and down a quiet side street to a neat though not very attractive looking building, where was the coffee house of the temperance society.

While they were enjoying their cup of genuine Swedish coffee, made as only the Swedes know how to make it, Mr. Ashmead learned several particulars about the society, which he was glad to store up in mind for Mrs. Ashmead's benefit.

The society was seven years old, and had just bought a house and lot in a more favorable position. There were upwards of seven hundred members. At this restaurant customers find good meals neatly served at what in Sweden are considered reasonable prices, and what in America would be considered merely nominal. Thus, for a couple of fresh eggs, a glass of milk, bread and butter and cheese ad libitum, and the invariable cup of coffee or tea, with hard rusks, the charge was only forty ore, or about twelve cents.

Having finished their breakfast, the two gentlemen accompanied their friend to the house of Mr. Palmer, where they spent the day very pleasantly, enjoying his generous hospitality, and playing croquet and tennis, which latter game has proved hardy enough to flourish in this high latitude. They were given an opportunity to see the working of the saw-mill, with its admirable appointments.

CHAPTER XV.

A FARM IN THE SWEDISH NORRLAND.

THE same evening, at nine o'clock, they started for Ostersund ; but on the way to the station, Mr. Lund stopped for a moment to shake hands with a short, stout, gray-haired-man, whom he introduced to Mr. Ashmead as Brother Hejdenberg. Mr. Ashmead would gladly have paused for a little conversation, but it was too near the time of the departure of their train ; and Mr. Lund hurried on, only stopping, a moment later, to shake hands with a plainly dressed, quiet-looking woman, whom he also introduced to Mr. Ashmead.

When they were fairly on the train for Ostersund, Mr. Lund talked for some time with a fellow-traveler on the subject of the line of the railroad which, as usual, had taken just the wrong direction for those who wished their property improved by it. The sturdy farmer explained all this with many emphatic utterances met by many an appreciative or sympathizing "Ja, so," from his hearer. Mr. Ashmead in the mean time made notes in his journal by the last rays

of the setting sun, which was just putting the finishing touches to its long day's work, by gilding the surrounding mountain tops ere it sank below the horizon to snatch a few hours of repose. Before the twilight had entirely faded away, their fellow-passenger got out at a way-station, and the two gentlemen were left in undisturbed possession of all the comfort that could be extracted from the long wooden seats with which the compartment was provided.

Neither of them felt much inclined to sleep, especially as to do so would only require them to wake up again in about two hour's time at Torpshammer, the junction with the main line where a change of cars had to be made. There was but a dingy lamp fixed in the roof of the car, giving just enough light for them to make out the outlines of each other's features; so, reading was out of the question, and they had to entertain themselves, as best they could, by talking over the events of the day.

"We were very fortunate," said Mr. Ashmead, "in meeting the venerable Brother Hejdenberg. Was he not the first one to administer baptism in this part of the country?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lund; "and it was a singular coincidence that the sister with whom we afterwards shook hands was the first who received the ordinance at his hands. I wish we had had more time to con-

verse with Brother Hejdenberg ; but trains will not wait. I was, however, anxious to introduce you, as I knew it would interest you to meet one who has played so important a part in the establishment of Baptist doctrines in the vast Swedish Norrland, and it is no less pleasant for our workers here to meet with those from your grand Republic who, like yourself, take an active interest in everything that pertains to the progress of the denomination."

"It must be discouraging for your workers," said Mr. Ashmead, "to have so many difficulties to contend with."

"It is ; but when one looks back over the stretch of thirty years, the completion of which is so soon to be celebrated at Banksviken, one cannot but feel profoundly thankful for what has been wrought in this land by means of these devoted servants of Christ. Here we have over three hundred churches, and nearly thirty thousand members ; and we are even recognized so far as to have five members in the Parliament."

"It seems strange to us," said Mr. Ashmead, "to look upon that as a cause for thankfulness."

"Ah," replied Mr. Lund ; "but we indeed have cause to rejoice that the days of persecution are over, and that our members are no longer called to suffer under bonds and imprisonment, as has happened to Brethren Hejdenberg, Forsell, and others, time and

again. Yet Sweden is far from being the paradise of Baptists, as it has been sometimes represented."

"It must have gained that title from the very favorable reports that have from time to time been published."

"Yes, and it cannot be denied that our progress has been greater in proportion than in any other European country ; but, you who have seen a great deal of Continental life will hardly be surprised if I tell you that, in my opinion, it will require fifty years yet before our people are Baptists in the sense that they are in your country. I would not have you misunderstand me. Those whom we receive are of course convinced of the correctness of our principles and doctrines ; but what I mean is this : that their previous narrow and erroneous training has been so ground into them, that it will take a long time to enable them to get rid of the traces of it."

"The civil and political condition of the country, so different here from what it is in America," said Mr. Ashmead, "has also doubtless some share in retarding the rapid advance of the people in general culture and breadth of views."

"You may well say so. Indeed, Mr. Ashmead," said his companion with great emphasis and earnestness, "you can never thank God enough for the advantages you enjoy in your splendid country. When

I came back here, after a visit of some months to the United States, it seemed like coming out of the daylight into a cellar. There was something so narrow, so oppressive in the atmosphere."

"I should think," said Mr. Ashmead, "that the publishing work of which you told me, would be a most important means of introducing wider and clearer views, and raising the general standard of the people."

"That is just what we think and hope," replied Mr. Lund; "but the difficulty is to impress upon our people the necessity of giving the undertaking every assistance at the start. Some look upon it with complete indifference, and others hold back or withdraw, because of slight differences of opinion."

"Ah, that is the trouble with any new enterprise," replied Mr. Ashmead; "so you must not be discouraged."

"That is true, but we cannot help feeling fearful when a cold wind blows roughly on a young plant as yet barely rooted," replied Mr. Lund. "That which would not affect us ten years hence, may now kill that newly started enterprise; and," he continued, seeing that Mr. Ashmead was evidently much interested, "I need not tell you, a business man, what losses and disadvantages that would imply. We ought to have, and we shall have, if our brethren do not withhold

needed assistance from us at this critical moment, a publishing business firmly established, one whose effects will be felt, not only in our own country, but also in that great and benighted land which lies just across the Baltic."

"That would be a thing earnestly to be hoped for and prayed for," said Mr. Ashmead, who thought that he began to perceive more and more clearly the great importance of the work which had been accomplished, and of that which still remained to be accomplished in this northern capital. "It has often seemed to me," he continued, "that although Russia is numbered among Christian countries, she has hitherto shut herself up from all outside influence, hardly less completely than China, where increasing accessibility to missionary effort has of late years been such a source of joy to all true believers in Christ. Have you been able to do anything as yet in that direction?"

"Yes," replied his friend; "we have sent many thousand tracts and several hundred books to Russia; and, besides that, our people have supported a missionary in Finland for more than a year. The pastor at St. Petersburg is doing good work, and is at present struggling against great disadvantages from the lack of a suitable place of worship. He has Baptist literature already translated into *Æsthonian*, but

has, unhappily, no means to pay for its publication, and is, therefore, still deprived of a most valuable aid in prosecuting his labors in that region. But here we are at Torpshammar, where we must change cars."

A railway station seldom looks very inviting or interesting at one o'clock in the morning, even though it be situated near such an important centre of the iron industries as Torpshammar. At any other time, Mr. Ashmead's attention would probably have been attracted to the features and the main industries of the place; but now, it must be confessed that both he and his friend concentrated all their energies upon the business of finding the railway-carriage in which they were to continue their journey.

This having been accomplished, each one stretched himself out on the hard, wooden seats, intent upon gaining such repose as was possible, with the mercury below fifty degrees Fahrenheit, very few springs below the floor of the carriage, and only a traveling-bag serving as pillow below his head.

It was about six o'clock when they reached Oster-sund, which, like all Swedish towns, has suffered the fate that overtook Hazor in the time of Joshua. Not many months before our travelers entered it, a destructive conflagration had swept away part of one of the finest streets, and had destroyed property valued

at hundreds of thousands of dollars. The work of rebuilding was, however, going on rapidly.

"You see the traces of damage are rapidly disappearing," remarked Mr. Lund, as our travelers, after breakfasting at the station, went out to look at the town.

"It does indeed seem a thriving town," replied Mr. Ashmead, as he followed his companion through the streets; "but what a pity that you should be liable to such disastrous fires."

"We have, at least, a wholesome dread of being caught unprepared," replied Mr. Lund. "You will notice that throughout the whole of Northern Sweden almost every building—be it barn, dwelling-house, or church—is provided with a ladder, which is kept constantly ready for use, either standing against the side of the house, or else, as you have probably noticed, laid on the roof."

"I have noticed that," replied Mr. Ashmead; "and I confess the plan of having them standing against the house amazed me. We have to be careful at home that our fire-escapes shall not be turned into burglar entrances."

"Ah," replied Mr. Lund, smiling, "there are disadvantages in your rich and rapidly growing country. We are, perforce, more humdrum and frugal in our life, but then we do not have to be so distrustful of

our neighbors. I think it will be long before the people up here need to put all the ladders up on the roof for fear of burglars."

Mr. Ashmead did not reply, for his attention was fully occupied with the lovely view before him.

The town lay on the shore of the smiling Störsjön, or Great Lake, and opposite rose the beautiful lofty island of Frösö, with its fine old church, the walls of which are ten feet thick, while the bell tower stands at a little distance, entirely separate from the church.

"If you want a splendid view we should go over to that church," said Mr. Lund, "and there, just across the bridge connecting the island with the main land stands one of those rare Runic stones erected to the memory of Ostmadur, the first Christian missionary to this part of Sweden."

"Did you not tell me that the town has a flourishing Baptist church?" asked Mr. Ashmead, the remark about the missionary recalling to his mind their conversation in the beginning of their journey by train.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lund, "and if you will come this way I can show it to you. The hall and the parsonage occupy together the upper floor of a large frame house in one of the best situations in the town."

Mr. Ashmead, who enjoyed being taken about without any planning or arranging on his part, readily agreed to all that his companion proposed.

Mr. Lund, who appeared to be at home everywhere, readily gained admittance to the church, the neat interior of which was well lighted and furnished with comfortable seats. As they stood near the organ, surveying this well-arranged place of worship, Mr. Lund remarked :

“It is quite an improvement on the time when Baptists were only a despised and persecuted sect. An ignorant old woman in this part of the country used to invent the wildest and most incredible stories, asserting that they danced naked and crawled under stools and climbed up chimneys, getting all covered with soot, and then ran down to the lake, plunging in and washing themselves, saying, they were thus cleansed of their sins.”

“Is it possible,” exclaimed Mr. Ashmead, “that such nonsense could be believed and repeated ?”

“At that time there were only too many to give credence to them, and you will no doubt find it hard to believe; but it is true that even in enlightened England I have been asked quite recently, by those whom I should have supposed well-informed and intelligent members of the Established Church, whether the stories were true.” Mr. Lund spoke simply and earnestly, but Mr. Ashmead smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He felt that he could better understand the train of thought of English speaking people than

of these foreign peasants; and he mentally decided that the questions referred to were put rather from a desire to repeat these absurdities than from any real belief in the truth of them. He thought, however, that the questioners had been rightly served by the low estimate they had given of themselves to the single-minded, straightforward Swedish gentleman.

They next visited the Hall of the Good Templars, a very large building, said to be the largest one of the kind in all Sweden. The Hall would hold twelve or fifteen hundred.

Mr. Ashmead's attention was particularly attracted by the log houses.

"They are more pretentious abodes than the log huts I have seen at home," he remarked, as he paused to take a more careful look at one of these structures. It was two stories high, and the logs, instead of being laid horizontally, were placed vertically.

"There, however, is a more primitive door mat than any you will see in America," said Mr. Lund, pointing to a few soft pine boughs laid before the door. "Perhaps you have noticed that these same pine needles, cut up finely, are made to do duty as sand in spittoons at the hotels."

"It reminds one of the tales of rush strewn floors," said Mr. Ashmead; "but I confess I have no desire to go back to the customs of those early ages."

“No, indeed,” replied Mr. Lund. “I should hardly expect you to be willing to exchange your comfortable and luxurious American houses for anything so primitive. Even Miss Mary would hardly be romantic enough to forego a good, thick carpet in this northern climate.”

“Her romantic ideas are well balanced with good, sound, common sense,” said Mr. Ashmead, with pardonable pride. “She is a wise lassie, and good as she is wise.”

“I should be blind, indeed, if I had not discovered that even in our short acquaintance,” replied Mr. Lund, smiling, “and he will be a happy man who wins her to be his household angel.”

To tell the truth, Mr. Morley’s letter had excited a slight degree of curiosity in the mind of Mr. Lagerbring, and one or two comments that she let fall, had raised a few slight reflections in her brother’s mind. If, however, he intended his remark as a bait, no fish rose; for Mr. Ashmead turned the conversation, and began to speak of the trip farther north.

“The railway, which is, I believe, the most northern in the world,” replied Mr. Lund, “skirts the shores of the Störsjön, and then turning westward, crosses the back-bone of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and reaches its terminus at Trondhjem. Now when you have seen all that there is to see at Ostersund, we will hunt

up the place I told you of, where Carl and I stayed ; for I want to show you a glimpse of Swedish farm life."

Mr. Ashmead willingly agreed to this proposal ; for he was delighted with all that he had already seen of the beauties of the Swedish Norrland.

Having feasted his eyes upon the charming scenery of Southern Sweden, with its ever-changing, never-ending succession of shimmering lakes and park-like shores, beautiful indeed, but still capable of seeming wearisome, from its sameness, and its absence of any elevated points, he now found himself, in this short trip to the highlands, amid mountain scenery, snow-clad "fjellen," and rushing torrents of beauty and grandeur, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting taste. It was a landscape different from any that he had seen before in his tolerably extensive travels ; beautiful, characteristic, and but little known to the world at large, either from personal observation or from description.

"I ask nothing better than to see more of this beautiful mountain scenery, and to have a chance to see the home life, on a farm," he said, as they returned towards the inn. It was thus decided that they should, after resting and seeing all they wished of the town, go out to the house of a Swedish farmer, well known to Mr. Lund, whose farm lay in one of



Ashmeads.

A LAPP FAMILY.

the most beautiful and romantic spots on the shore of a clear mountain lake.

The farm-house stood at some distance from the railway station, and was reached most readily by boat. The following day, therefore, the two gentlemen seated themselves in the stern of a boat propelled by a most hard-featured and villainous looking individual, whose speech and manner, however, belied his looks. He was very talkative, and entered into a detailed account of the chief points and items of interest in the neighborhood.

"You are going to Mårtenson's?" he asked. "There was an artist there last week, drawing pictures. I rowed him across yesterday to Ann, where he took the train for Trondhjem."

"Is there no one else there?" asked Mr. Lund.

"Ja," replied the man, in his broad strong speech. "There is a minister who has been visiting the Lapp families up in the mountain yonder," and he rested the little sticks of wood that did duty as oars on his knees, and pointed in the direction where the Lapps were encamped. Then, after dipping up a draught of water in a very dilapidated old hat, he continued, "The sheriff was up here a few days ago."

"What was that for?" asked Mr. Lund.

"A man had had a barrel of rum sent up by the train and had taken it across the lake, intending to

supply the Lapps. The officials heard of it and suspected where it was going; so the sheriff came and seized the spirit."

"The sale of strong drink to the Lapps is forbidden by law," explained Mr. Lund, after he had translated this conversation to his companion. "It is very much the same as in America, where the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians is forbidden. I am very glad to hear that this rum has been seized. The Lapps are an honest, unsuspecting race, and should be well protected against those who would be only too glad to introduce drinking habits among them."

"The minister has been away a day already, and he was to return to-day," volunteered the man, as they began to approach the landing place.

Nothing could as yet be seen of any dwelling, on account of the thick growth of trees along the shore; but soon they came to a small strip of gravelly beach, and with a few extra twists of his comical looking oars the boatman ran the little skiff aground in shallow water.

He plunged out and arranged some large stones and planks so that his passengers could land without wading through the water, and having received his fee with many expressions of thanks, he trotted off cheerfully through the forest. The boat remained where he left it. It did not belong to him, but that troubled

him little. If the owner wanted it, he might come and get it.

Through the birch and fir trees, and across a green wheat field, a narrow lane led up to the little settlement consisting of about half a dozen modest dwellings, each with its accompanying barn. The principal house was a neat wooden structure, such as might be easily mistaken for an American cottage, save that it was painted yellow, with white window and door frames, and roofed with exceedingly fine shingles, a style of roof seldom seen outside of this country. The cow house was a good-sized building roofed with turf, covered with a sparse crop of grass and gay with many flowers, while at one end some stalks of rye were shooting vigorously upward, as if hoping at some time by their collective efforts to present the appearance and to assume the importance of a spire. Against the eaves of the building stood the customary ladder.

On the opposite side of the open, grassy space, in front of the farm house, were the horse stables; and here might also be seen the sleighs and sledges, so indispensable during the winter months, but now enjoying a season of well-earned rest in summer quarters.

On the wall hung several sets of snow-shoes, made of wood or coarse strong basket work. Each shoe was about a foot square.

They were for the use of the horses in the winter season. Horses have to go through a special course of training, in order to walk with these curious appendages ; but even that is better than going through the crust of the snow, as they would surely do without them.

In the rear of the house rose a steep grassy hill, up whose side a well-worn path led to the low sheep sheds, with their rude stone-ballasted roofs, which, perched at the summit, overlooked the entire charming scene of distant snow-clad mountains, picturesque lake, and snug little hamlet.

The farmer was absent with his men, engaged in the yearly task of augmenting his not over-abundant store of hay, by gathering and curing the grass from distant mountain pastures. The travelers, however, received a hospitable welcome from the farmer's wife, a pleasant and thrifty looking woman, wearing the black turban-like head-dress, peculiar to the women of the province of Jemtland.

She moved about with housewifely activity, and soon spread before her guests, whose appetites were sharpened by the bracing mountain air, a tempting and bountiful repast of lake trout ; rich milk ; hard bread of three different kinds, colors, and degrees of thickness ; a kind of cheese made from whey ; and the celebrated gammla ost, or old cheese, which is not

used until it is at least a year old, and is dark, rich, and strong.

They did full justice to these various dishes, winding up with a curious dessert, consisting of milk, thickened by the addition of a peculiar kind of vegetable juice. Mr. Ashmead had already met with the Swedish *filbunke*, which is the same as the Scottish *bonny-clabber*; but this particular kind of curdled milk was new to him.

After finishing their meal, Mr. Lund and his companion walked slowly up the steep acclivity behind the house, in order to enjoy the fine view which their hostess told them could be had from the summit.

The grass was studded with clover blossoms, fox-glove, large petaled daisies, hen and chickens, buttercups, wild yarrow, violets, and campanile, all of peculiarly brilliant coloring; and in the course of their walk they also found several specimens of the plant used in making the dish of thickened milk—a dark blue flower, borne on a tall scape with a cluster of thickish and rounded leaves at the base. The juice which effects the change in the milk is obtained from these leaves, and a very small portion of the milk that has been changed by the addition of this juice is sufficient to effect the same change in any milk with which it is mixed.

From the hill-top, as they looked down upon the

space of waving green around the farm-house, where the still uncut grass rippled under the light breeze, Mr. Ashmead noticed certain curious arrangements, not unlike isolated panels of a post and rail fence; but as they were not placed as though they belonged to any fence, he inquired of Mr. Lund what they were for.

“Those are the racks on which the hay is cured,” replied his friend. “In our short summers we want to give it every advantage of sun and air; so these racks are used. They consist of upright poles six or seven feet high, with wooden pins projecting on one side of the pole at intervals of about two feet. After two poles are set up they are connected by other poles laid on these pins, and the grass is hung over these rails to dry.”

Mr. Ashmead could not help smiling at the idea of harvesting some of the broad hay meadows in the neighborhood of Riverton in this laborious fashion; but before he could reply, Mr. Lund, whose keen eye had been scanning the village and the opposite shore of the lake, suddenly exclaimed:

“Look there! Do you see that little boat? If I am not mistaken, that is the minister of whom our friend of the row-boat spoke. He said he would be likely to return to-day.”

“Let us walk down to the lake to meet him,” sug-

gested Mr. Ashmead. "I should like to know what he has to say of these strange people."

They hastened down the hill-side and reached the shore just as the occupant of the little boat was springing from his tiny craft to the dry ground.

He greeted the strangers with frank and hearty manner, and cheerfully replied to Mr. Lund's queries concerning his trip.

"I came up here on a missionary tour," he said, speaking in Swedish, while Mr. Lund translated for the benefit of his friend, "for I heard that the Lapps were in the neighborhood. I have only been here two days. The evening of the first day I started to find this encampment, and succeeded better than I expected, having no guide but some rather vague verbal directions, and no road, or even path, to speak of."

"Is it far distant?" asked Mr. Lund.

"I walked about twenty miles," replied the missionary, and much of the way was very difficult. I reached the encampment in the evening, just as they were driving in the herds of reindeer at milking time."

"Did you not find the Lapps hard to manage?" asked his questioner. "I have heard that they were very excitable."

"That is true," replied the minister; "they are easily sent into hysterics. When the sufferings of our

Saviour were spoken of, they were greatly affected. Some would call out with a peculiar cry, 'Ho, ho,' and jump up in the air, gesticulating violently. It required all the caution and tact I was possessed of not to work upon their feelings too much, and thus lose their attention ; but they seemed very willing to receive all that I could teach them."

In reply to a question that Mr. Ashmead asked Mr. Lund to put for him, in regard to the nature and habits of this little known people, the good man replied :

"They are very honest ; so much so, in fact, that they wanted to pay me in reindeer meat for coming to preach to them ; and I had a good deal of difficulty to make them understand that I wished no pay for coming to tell them the glad tidings of salvation. They are also very superstitious. Last night I saw a man standing before the chimney, passing his knife nine times around his leg in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and peering up the chimney, and looking all around him, rolling his eyes frightfully the while. Whether this incantation was supposed to keep off disease, or to secure him a prosperous journey on the morrow, or what other significance it might have, I was unable to discover. But, in a camp that I visited some years ago, I had an opportunity to experience a most disagreeable spell.

The place smelled horribly of burnt leather or skins ; and I discovered that they were burning old shoes to keep off evil spirits or witches. It certainly kept me off ; for the odor was simply insupportable."

The idea and the expression of the good missionary's face at the bare remembrance of this spell, were so irresistibly comical, that both Mr. Ashmead and Mr. Lund burst into a hearty laugh, in which the missionary joined.

"The Lapps have a curious notion," he continued, "in regard to the brotherhood of humanity. They say that the Swedes and Lapps were originally brothers ; but a storm burst, and the Swede took refuge under a board which God made into a house, but the Lapp remained without ; and by this tradition they explain the origin of houses, and the reason why the Lapps live only in huts or under the bare sky."

They had been walking towards the farm-house as they talked, and they now reached it and were met with a cordial welcome from the hostess to the returning minister. The good man, as might be supposed, was glad to rest after his toilsome journey, and Mr. Lund and Mr. Ashmead were not loath to sit down.

He took them into a room that gave Mr. Ashmead plenty of occupation in examining its curious appearance. The walls were painted red as high as the window sills, and the floor was blue. In one corner

was a sideboard, built solidly into the wall and reaching from floor to ceiling. This was painted a dark orange brown. The bed, of the same hue, was built in the same manner into the opposite corner. Through the window were visible the *fjellen* (mountains), rising six or seven hundred feet in height on the opposite side of the lake, their sides mottled with patches of snow gleaming in striking contrast with green stretches of grass and dark pine forests, while in one place a small river or mountain torrent rushed down towards the lake, its white foaming rapids hardly distinguishable at that distance from the snow lying in patches of glistening whiteness around.

Mr. Ashmead was growing curious to see the farmer himself; but he did not make his appearance that night.

The farmer and his family lived and took their meals in a smaller house, at a little distance from the main building.

"Have we turned them out of their house?" asked Mr. Ashmead of his friend.

"Oh no!" replied Mr. Lund. "It is the custom in Sweden to have two houses, when they can afford it. The family lives in one during the winter and in the other in summer; thus giving each house time to 'rest,' as they say, during a part of the year."

The next day was Sunday; and in the evening the

master of the house came in to partake of the evening meal with his guests. He was a perfect type of the stern, sturdy Swedish agriculturist, and he formed a very picturesque figure with his square face, dark hair, red waistcoat, and knee breeches.

There were other guests beside themselves that evening; among the number a Jew peddler and his little boy, a lad of about ten years old. The conversation turning on religious subjects, the peddler brought out his Hebrew Old Testament and other Hebrew books. The little boy read off passages from them with an ease and fluency that would have done credit to a learned and reverend doctor of theology, and would certainly have impressed Mr. Ashmead with a high opinion of the child's intelligence, had he not happened to know that Hebrew children are often taught to read the Scriptures merely by sound and without regard to sense. It was therefore extremely probable that the boy understood absolutely nothing of what he read.

The host sat by, keeping a watch over his guests; and whenever he saw signs of flagging appetite he would call attention to the repast with a hospitable wave of his hand and a guttural:

"Var sa God," meaning, "Please to go on with the Smörgas," or as it was freely translated by one of the guests, "Don't stop as long as you can stick at it."

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY LOSES HIMSELF AND FINDS A FRIEND.

MRS. ASHMEAD had greatly regretted that her indisposition obliged their party to separate. For herself, she was well content to remain with their hospitable friends at Waxholm ; but, as she said to Mrs. Lagerbring :

“The children are so much interested in every thing they see, I am vexed that my ill-health should be a hindrance to their getting all possible enjoyment and information from this trip.”

“Ah, well, they are young, and they will have many other opportunities to explore our country,” replied Mrs. Lagerbring. “Your people think nothing of the voyage across the ocean. There is also a good deal to interest them in Stockholm, and the neighborhood ; and if you will allow them to go about with Carl, I promise you that he will be a very careful and enthusiastic cicerone.”

Mrs. Ashmead was really a little nervous in her position of solitary responsibility during Mr. Ashmead’s absence ; but she was too eager that the children, as she called them, should be amused, and too

grateful to their kind hostess, to raise any objections to her plans. Thus it happened that Carl and Harry went off on numerous little excursions, and Mary occasionally accompanied them.

Harry was intensely interested, and no mishap occurred; for Carl took good care not to lose sight of him, and Harry was not as likely to stray off unobserved when there were only two or three in the party. Under the influence of the quiet and restful atmosphere at Waxholm, Mrs. Ashmead gradually recovered from the fatigue of their previous journeying and sight-seeing.

At last she allowed herself to be persuaded to share in a trip to Stockholm that Carl was planning, and in which he was very eager that the three ladies should accompany them.

With Mrs. Ashmead and Mrs. Lagerbring both in the party, all should have gone very smoothly; and to Carl's credit, it must be said that he filled his rôle of guide with skill and thoughtful care, taking care that the greatest possible interest should be got out of their day in town with the least possible fatigue. It was not until they were actually on their homeward way that anything occurred to mar their enjoyment.

Harry had detained Carl to make a purchase, while his mother and Mary, under Mrs. Lagerbring's guidance, walked quietly down to the wharf. There was

as usual a crowd of shipping, and people were hurrying to and fro. The ladies, when they had gone on board the boat for Waxholm, eagerly scanned the wharf, hoping to see the boys following them.

"I am afraid they will be too late," said Mrs. Ashmead, anxiously.

"Oh, no! Carl is too well used to the boat," replied Mrs. Lagerbring.

"Oh! there they are. I see them coming," exclaimed Mary.

Just at the same moment a manly voice behind them said :

"Good evening, Mrs. Ashmead. I am glad to meet you again"; and turning, they saw the tall figure and pleasant face of Mr. Morley.

"Oh, when did you reach Stockholm? We were so sorry to miss you," said Mrs. Ashmead.

"You are coming to us, of course," added Mrs. Lagerbring, cordially shaking hands with the new comer.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Morley, "it will give me great pleasure. Is Mr. Lund with you on the boat?"

"No, my brother has gone to Sundsvall; but we expect him home very soon," replied Mrs. Lagerbring.

"Mr. Ashmead accompanied Mr. Lund on his trip northward," explained Mrs. Ashmead. "He will be

very glad to find you here when he returns. He was greatly vexed that he had no opportunity to say good-bye to you at Copenhagen ; but we all expected to meet you on the boat the evening we left."

"I was detained by matters of business. We business men are sometimes obliged to change our plans very quickly," replied Mr. Morley. He did not think it necessary to add that matters of business sometimes form a convenient way of escape when matters of affection are getting into a position that risks an extravagant outlay of that article, without any prospect of an adequate return. While this conversation was going on, the boat had already pushed off from the wharf, and was steaming rapidly away from the city.

"We are too well satisfied to have got you at last to find fault with you for being late," said Mrs. Lagerbring. "Here comes Carl. He has grown so that I suppose you will hardly know him."

Mr. Morley turned to greet the young man, whom he had last seen as only a boy, and only Mary noticed that, in all these cordial greetings, there was a little constraint in his manner towards herself, and that he glanced behind him once or twice, as though he was expecting some one."

After shaking hands with Carl, he raised himself to his full height, to take a more comprehensive glance over the passengers in sight on the boat.

"Oh, you are looking for Harry, I suppose," said Mrs. Ashmead.

"No," replied Mr. Morley; "I can well understand that he would never be content to miss that northern trip with his father. I was looking for a friend who came down to the wharf with me."

"It does seem too bad," said Mrs. Ashmead, replying to the first part of his speech, "but we thought it better for Harry not to go with his father. He will be delighted to see you. Do you know where he is now, Mr. Lagerbring?"

"Do you see your friend?" asked Mary, noticing a slightly troubled expression on Mr. Morley's face. "The boat is so crowded, I lost sight of Harry as he came on board. Perhaps Mr. Lagerbring can find them both."

There seemed nothing in the words, or in the quiet tones of the young girl, to cause such an embarrassed flush to mount to Mr. Morley's face.

"I will go with Carl," he replied, hastily. "He would not know the gentleman. I have only recently made acquaintance with him myself. Excuse me a moment," and lifting his hat to the ladies, he turned away.

"Do you see anything of Harry Ashmead?" asked Carl, envying Mr. Morley's superior height. "I thought he was just behind me. I don't want to

frighten Mrs. Ashmead ; for I don't see how he could miss getting on the boat."

The two threaded their way among the passengers, looking anxiously for the missing ones, but without success ; and presently Carl returned to his mother, whispering to her :

"We can't find either of them. I was sure Harry was close behind me ; but he is no where on board."

Mrs. Ashmead was already growing nervous and anxious at the sight of Carl returning alone ; and although these words were spoken in Swedish, she quickly exclaimed :

"What is the matter ? Is Harry left behind ?"

"I am afraid he is," said Mrs. Lagerbring ; "but don't be alarmed ; we will get him safe and sound."

"Oh, but he is so heedless !" cried Mrs. Ashmead, seriously distressed. "And I don't believe he has any money left. What can he do ? Poor boy !"

At this moment Mr. Morley came up.

"I see," he said, in his usual quiet manner, "that Harry has again distinguished himself by slipping away when he ought to be at hand. But don't be alarmed, Mrs. Ashmead. I find that my friend has also failed to get on board, and I intend to get off at the next stopping-place and to take the return boat to Stockholm, which will come past in about twenty minutes, I am told. That will give me time to hunt

up the two runaways and bring them out to Waxholm by the last boat."

The easy and matter of fact way in which he explained this, went far to soothe Mrs. Ashmead's excitement. She gave him the name of the hotel at which they had stopped, thinking that Harry might go there; but Mr. Morley thought it more likely that, having no money, he would simply wait about the wharf till the next boat was ready to leave.

Mary, in addition to her anxiety about her brother, dreaded lest this excitement should bring on one of her mother's bad headaches. It was therefore with an expressive glance of gratitude that she held out her hand to Mr. Morley, as he turned to say good-bye before going ashore. To her surprise he dropped her hand quickly, and turned away almost brusquely; but he seemed to make an effort to recover himself and said:

"Don't be alarmed if I should miss the next boat. I will take him to my hotel and bring him back safe and sound in the morning." Then lifting his hat courteously, he stepped ashore as the boat swung up to the little wharf.

It was well that he had thought to make this last remark; for the evening boats came without either Harry or Mr. Morley on board, and it required all Mrs. Ashmead's self-control and all the comforting

assurances that her friends could give, to prevent her from becoming a prey to nervous alarm. Although she placed great faith in Mr. Morley's judgment and ability, she slept very little that night; and if she had been able to follow that gentleman in his quest, her peace of mind would have been yet more effectually destroyed; for no Harry was with him when, at a late hour of the night, he returned to his hotel in a very unenviable state of perplexity and annoyance.

"The boy must have got confused at the wharf and taken the wrong boat," he mused. "The only way will be to take the earliest morning boat for Gustavsberg and see if he has landed there. But why in the world my companion should choose just this moment to take himself off, I can't imagine. I don't like to telephone to them that I have not got Harry; but if only he were here now, I would send him to Waxholm in the morning to explain where I have gone, and to keep them all from worrying. What a chance he has stupidly missed!"

Mr. Morley smiled a little bitterly as he thought of it. He also rested very poorly that night. In fact, the only one of the party who rested well was Harry himself, the graceless cause of all the anxiety. He was peacefully enjoying the slumbers of a tired boy in a snug bed at Gustavsberg, under the watchful guardianship of Hartley Gifford.

It must not be supposed that Hartley Gifford, whom we last saw resolving with much mental anguish to abandon all hopes of winning Mr. Ashmead's daughter, had now followed the party to the wharf in Stockholm, with the express purpose of kidnapping that gentleman's son. In fact it was, on the contrary, Harry who had inadvertently kidnapped Mr. Gifford.

But in order to explain Mr. Gifford's presence on that side of the ocean, we can only refer the reader to Mrs. Gifford, and to certain inclinations and predispositions in Mr. Gifford's own heart. These external and internal influences, combined with the fact that he had a sum of ready money at his command and that the church of Overbury did not require his services for six or eight weeks, had effected the transportation of Hartley Gifford to Copenhagen, and there he had chanced to fall in with Mr. Morley, from whom he gained enough information, while imparting unconsciously a little more than he intended, to induce the two gentlemen to travel together to Stockholm.

Just as they reached the wharf on their way to Waxholm, Hartley recognized the friendly face of Harry Ashmead, as the boy dashed blindly past him and scrambled upon a boat just preparing to put off.

By a very quick chain of association this boyish face called up to Hartley's mind a very lovely girlish

face, if indeed the latter was ever entirely absent from his mind; and by one of those instinctive movements that we sometimes find it troublesome to account for, Mr. Gifford leaped on the boat after Harry, quite forgetting his traveling companion, Mr. Morley, and his friends—the Lagerbrings, to whom he was promised an introduction at Waxholm.

When he touched Harry's shoulder, that young man turned about with the exclamation:

"Halloo, this is jolly. When did you come? and how did you know we were here?"

"I have only just arrived, and I happened to see you getting on the boat," replied Gifford.

"Well, it is fun anyhow," replied Harry. "Father is away just now; but mother and Mary will be awfully glad to see you."

"Are they on board?" asked Mr. Gifford, still holding the boy's arm. He felt rather shy of presenting himself so hurriedly. He wanted to meet Mary first in some quieter place, where he might notice what kind of reception she would give him, and possibly be encouraged to say some things that he had been turning over in his mind during his voyage.

"Harry, who was easily diverted when his curiosity was aroused, now plied Gifford with questions.

"I didn't know you were coming to Europe. When did you decide?"

"Only a few days before I sailed. Perhaps you have not heard that my old home is all broken up. My father died just at the time that you left America."

Harry's merry face grew grave with an expression of sympathy.

"No, we have heard nothing of that," he said. "They will all be very sorry. Has your mother come with you?"

"No," replied Gifford. "My mother has no love of traveling, and my aunt, who lived near us, insisted that she should come to live with her. I have received a call to the church at Overbury; but as I had six weeks or so to wait before their former pastor leaves them, everybody advised me to travel a little; and I thought it would be a good opportunity to learn something about our work in Europe."

"It was a first rate idea," said Harry. "You will learn a lot in a very short time. Father says he has done so."

Thus they chatted on for a short time until Gifford's desire to see Mary overcame his shyness, and he inquired in what part of the boat the ladies were seated. Harry began to look about him, and to his surprise, not one familiar face, except Gifford's, was in sight.

"Come along," he exclaimed, in his usual impetuous way; "we shall soon find them."

But this was not so easy as he thought; and soon the unwelcome fact forced itself upon them that their friends were not on board.

At first Harry thought that the rest of the party had missed the boat; but a little investigation soon proved to him that he himself was in fault, as he was not in the Waxholm boat at all.

"Here is a nice fix," he exclaimed. "What are we to do?"

"I'll find out where we are going," replied Mr. Gifford, who was not lacking in common sense in an emergency; "and we will take the next boat to Stockholm."

Summoning to their aid all the Swedish they had picked up, they succeeded in eliciting the information that they were on their way to Gustavsberg, and that there would be no return boat before the next morning.

"We shall have to stay all night," said Mr. Gifford, "unless there is any way of getting direct to Waxholm. Were you all going out there to spend the night?"

"Oh, yes! we are staying there with Mr. Lund and his sister, Mrs. Lagerbring," replied Harry. "I mean," he explained, "mother and Mary are staying there; for father has gone up north, on a trip with Mr. Lund; and I'm not staying there just now,

worse luck. They will be in a dreadful worry about me."

Mr. Gifford had already thought of that; but knowing so little about the country, he could suggest no better remedy than that he had already mentioned.

"We will take the earliest boat back in the morning," he said; "and till then we must make ourselves as comfortable as we can."

"Oh, but I say," exclaimed Harry—his look of perplexity changing to one of horrified dismay, as he thrust his hands into his pockets—"I don't believe I've got a bit of money. I spent it all just before coming on board."

"Oh, well, I'm not quite so badly off as that," replied Mr. Gifford, laughing; "so we shall be all right as far as finances go."

With this assurance, Harry was fully contented, and his spirits rose rapidly, as he entered into the fun of the adventure.

Mr. Gifford was not so well pleased. He better appreciated the anxiety of Harry's mother and sister over the boy's non-appearance; and it also gave him a little uncomfortable twinge, when he thought of Mr. Morley probably sitting beside Mary, exerting himself to relieve her anxiety, and trying to interest her with accounts of his travels, or listening to her sweet voice in reply. There was, however, nothing

for him to do but to see that Harry's voracious appetite was satisfied when they reached Gustavsberg, and to pass the night with what patience he could muster, while eagerly awaiting the time for the departure of the earliest boat the next morning.

He roused Harry bright and early, and resolutely turned a deaf ear to all his suggestions concerning the noted porcelain works, which the people at the inn supposed he had, of course, come to see, and which Harry himself mildly suggested that they might as well have a look at, since they were there. Thus it happened that while Mr. Morley was steaming away to Gustavsberg as rapidly as the early boat from Stockholm would take him, Mr. Gifford and Harry were steaming off to Stockholm as rapidly as the early boat from Gustavsberg would take them; and while Mr. Morley was eliciting enough information from the inn-keeper at Gustavsberg to convince him that his surmise was correct, but the birds had already flown—the truants were safely on their way to Waxholm.

It must be confessed that in delighted anticipations of the surprise and pleasure with which Harry confidently expected that his mother and sister would welcome Mr. Gifford's arrival, he forgot to be properly penitent for the anxiety his heedlessness had caused them. It was not until the first rush of joy and gratitude had subsided, that Mrs. Ashmead herself

remembered that he deserved chiding ; but the chiding was quickly forgotten again as something of much greater importance rushed into her mind.

Where was all the polite coolness with which she was to keep Mr. Gifford at a distance ? She had not thought of that when she grasped his hand in both her own in eager greeting, and poured out her thanks with trembling voice and tearful eyes.

Now when she stole an anxious glance at Mary, she saw an expression of shy happiness in the young girl's face entirely different from the eager and outspoken delight with which she had greeted her truant brother.

The mother's heart divined what this meant, and it was with a feeling almost of fear that she turned her gaze upon the young man whose sudden appearance had wrought this change.

Without a doubt, he too had seen and had read aright the new expression in Mary's face ; and there was no mistaking the state of his feelings as his eyes sought the young girl, even while he deferentially listened and replied to the words his hostess was addressing to him.

Mrs. Ashmead's first feeling was one of regretful bewilderment at this unexpected turn of affairs ; but this soon gave place to a feeling of relief that Mary's feelings were no longer a mystery to her, and that, whatever Mr. Ashmead might say, there was at least

no danger of painful misunderstandings between the two young people. She also wisely concluded that it was better not to attempt to meddle with what was evidently already beyond her control.

Perhaps it was just as well that Mr. Morley was at this time in Gustavsberg, rather than at Waxholm. It was one thing to have shrewdly guessed at the state of feelings between this young lady and her former friend ; but it would be another thing to stand by and see all his suspicions verified, and to feel himself forgotten ; for there was no doubt that he had found Mary particularly pleasing, and it was equally beyond doubt, that for a time nobody even thought to ask any question about himself.

Mr. Gifford was the first to inquire about him ; and Mrs. Lagerbring quietly remarked :

“He went in search of you two last night ; and no doubt he has discovered that you took the wrong boat, and has followed you to Gustavsberg, this morning.”

“Well,” remarked Harry, “I’m sorry we missed Mr. Morley ; but he will come along all right, and then we shall be a jolly party. But,” he added, turning to Hartley Gifford, “he will have been to the porcelain works, you will see. He never misses anything, anywhere.”

Harry was right. Mr. Morley did visit the porcelain works, wisely considering that, by so doing, he

would give the gratitude and other feelings time to express themselves, and to get well under control before he again presented himself at Waxholm.

In the few days that elapsed before the return of Mr. Lund and Mr. Ashmead, Mr. Gifford was made heartily welcome to Waxholm by the hospitable hostess; and Mrs. Ashmead would have found it impossible to carry out the plan of polite avoidance of the young man that her husband had suggested. Hartley Gifford himself had entirely conquered his first shyness about meeting Mary, and evidently had no intention of a second time letting slip the opportunity of learning his fate.

It happened, therefore, that Mr. Ashmead's scheme for separating these two young people, by putting the ocean between them, had only succeeded in throwing them more intimately into each other's society.

It certainly required no little philosophy on his part to accept the situation amicably, when he found on his return from the north that all his plans had only reached the result of bringing about the exact state of affairs that he had been so eager to avoid; but a little judicious conversation with his wife, and his own regard for Mary's happiness, when that question could no longer be conveniently postponed or ignored, went far to reconcile him. Mrs. Ashmead was privately of opinion that her husband's feelings

towards young men studying for the ministry had undergone a change during their summer's trip ; but he himself only asserted that Hartley Gifford had greatly improved, and that he evidently had more in him than one might have supposed.

In fact, one evening when the young people were out in the boat, and he and his wife were left for a short time alone on the balcony at Waxholm, overlooking the landing, he unconsciously paraphrased his own words in the remark :

“My dear Anne, there is no use in talking any more about it. The child's happiness is involved ; and I think we may truly say that this matter has been arranged by a Higher Power. So pray let us drop the subject.”

Having thus peremptorily settled the matter, it probably did not greatly surprise his wife to find that from that time on, until the parsonage at Overbury opened its doors to receive a sweet young mistress, Mr. Ashmead talked of little else in their private conversations than plans for the comfort and advancement of these young people.

